

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LYONEL HARLINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Cera Wilburn, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XXIV. Return to Lichtenheim.

Lyonel soon after entered the sergeant's hut, and found him employed in counting money at the table.

"You have become, I see, quite a rich man," said Lyonel, with forced cheerfulness of manner. "That I am!" cried Tobias, as he cordially welcomed him. "The old God lives yet, and I am swimming higher than ever on the top, my little friend! See! fifty guilders annuity has fallen to me from heaven. With that, and my invalid pension, one can live. Let no one say anything against the Hebrews. I love all the good people in the Old Testament."

"An annuity from a Hebrew?" questioned Lyonel. "Yes, indeed, and for life, too, be it understood. He is a brave, thrice honest man; and Saul Assur is his name, or was; now he is a Sir Baron Von Goldtwig, and is a mighty court banker, also, as they say. I call him now only my Goldtwig, and I gave the scamp of a groom one over the ears for calling him Goldass."

"I know the Baron Goldtwig, very well. How did you become acquainted with him?"

The invalid gathered his money together, and related, in his own peculiar manner, with many side remarks, how, during the last war, in some town in Saxony, he had forgotten the name, he had rescued the Jew from the plundering soldiery, and had saved his dwelling and storehouse. He had forgotten the incident, but not so had the Jewish Baron. He had found him three days ago in the Capital, beneath the Linden trees; had half and half recognized him. He questioned him, and then spoke of indebtedness and gratitude; then had taken him to a palace and entertained him in a princely manner; and for reward had bestowed upon him a life-long annuity, payable half yearly, a portion of which he had paid to him at once.

Lyonel congratulated the old man, and in his turn told how, two years ago, in Warsaw, he had been unexpectedly embarrassed for pecuniary means, and how the same wealthy Israelite had come to his aid, and that in the most disinterested manner.

The conversation that then branched off into other topics, was seized upon by the young American as the means of ascertaining the future residence of Tobias Thork. But the shrewd gray-beard eluded all the questions of his guest, and evaded all reply when Cecilia's name was mentioned. It almost seemed as if he guessed at the reciprocated feelings of the young people. He gave cold and abrupt replies, and when Lyonel arose to depart, he was not pressed to prolong his stay, nor was the shortness of his visit complained of.

"It remains so, my young friend," said the old soldier, as he accompanied him to the door. "As you say you will probably remain in Lichtenheim some eight days longer, we shall, I think, see each other once again."

"Perhaps," responded Lyonel, taking out his pocket-book and taking therefrom the paper he had prepared at the farm-house:

"In case I do not return, father Thork, take this paper, in remembrance of me. When I shall be far across the sea, if you ever need aid—and who knows the future?—or if it should please Heaven to recall you sooner or later and leave your niece alone and helpless in the world, then this paper sent to the man whose name is here mentioned, will bring aid and relief. And now, farewell, my friend, and say farewell to Cecilia."

The old man looked at the paper in astonishment, turned it from one side to the other, and shook his head, not comprehending what it meant; he laughed, and looking up cried out:

"My young friend, in the first place, do explain to me—"

He looked behind and around him. The American had disappeared, and he muttered to himself in vexation, as he beheld him in the distance where his voice could no longer reach him.

"Weather and hall!" he exclaimed; "the foolish fellow! what shall I do with this slip of paper? May I be shot, but the American jester thinks—no, no, he does no such thing!" he interrupted himself, and with a frowning brow, indignant at his own thought, he continued:

"You hard-mouthed gossip, is that his reward! Shame upon you! so old, and yet without understanding. He shows the best of oats in your empty crib, and you kick against him with all fours!"

He passed his hand across his face and said, as if in apology:

"Well, well, one can be old and retain young habits!"

In the meantime Lyonel had continued his way, without looking to the right or left. The thoughtful expression of his face, the sadness legible in his eyes, announced the overthrow of his stoical composure. There are hours in the life of the most strong minded mortal, when, though he be imbued with the loftiest philosophy, he manifests himself a customary, wounded child of humanity.

Lyonel still gazed, in mind, upon Cecilia, praying

amid the ruins; he held her, half-unconscious, in his arms; the desolate young orphan, unhappy ere she knew him, and now tenfold more miserable than before; she loved, but loved him hopelessly; she had not concealed that secret of her heart, that almost had been unknown to herself; he had disturbed the quiet current of her life—what indemnification could he offer?

In reflections such as these, with many resolves that were framed and cast aside, he reached, toward nightfall, the inn at Lichtenheim. The pleasure of meeting with his faithful Arnold Jackson awaited him there. He had expected his return impatiently, and he now related to him with joyous haste the fortunate conclusion of all their affairs; the cure of the lame foot; the arrival of their trunks and chests from Regensburg; the profitable sale of the two horses; the purchase of the most beautiful, light, and convenient traveling carriage. He did not cease talking till Lyonel went to look at the conveyance. Then he told, also, that a Baron from the Castle opposite, a prissy Counsellor, had almost used force in endeavoring to prevail upon him to take up his abode at the great house. That another Baron had arrived yesterday, whose name was Goldtwig, who had anxiously inquired for Sir Lyonel Harlington.

The last piece of news surprised the attentive listener most pleasantly. He thought of Tobias Thork and his connection with the banker, and to it added fresh plans of his own. He had himself announced, and received an invitation to supper from the Jewish Baron.

While he was yet changing his dusty traveling gear, the Counsellor Van Urning entered. The young men embraced each other cordially, but the request that Lyonel should take up his quarters at the Villa was politely and firmly refused. But he promised to spend the days he should remain at Lichtenheim in the circle of the Baron's pleasant family, excepting that evening, which he had engaged to the Baron Von Goldtwig.

Then I must, alas, submit to my fate, though it is unchristian in you to prefer this Jew to us," said the counsellor, with a men of comic exaggeration. "But I shall remember the Hebrew, who not only torments and uses my father as a Vampire, but steals you from us this evening. Beware, especially in money matters, of this artful creeper!"

"My dear Baron, I know this Goldtwig as a most honorable man."

"Honorable! for heaven's sake, do not call such a creature honorable! And if our princes cover him with orders, crosses, stars and titles from head to foot, he would remain what he is from the beginning—a low, cunning money-seeker. You, my dear friend, I find are not at all inspired at the aspect of European affairs, and yet, you would defend a being like this Baronized Saul Assur? Confess it, are not these Jews the vermin that creep over every land, and gnaw at their prosperity for centuries?"

"Let us be just; the Jews are human beings, like ourselves. Among them live noble thoughts and feelings as among Christians; and amid Christians can be found as low a cunning, as unprincipled a greed for gain, as can be met with among the despised Israelites."

"There may be exceptions, but all these Hebrews, you must acknowledge, maintain themselves by usury and cheating."

"Who compels them to this? Answer—the State. Who has made of them, because of their religion, objects of scorn, mockery, and persecution?—to be eternal strangers in their own abiding places? Answer—the Christian as well as the Mahometan priesthood. What denies to them the holding of public offices, of trade and employments? The power of prejudice and the grudge of superstition, of the Christian rulers and their subjects. And yet they are human beings, and desire to live. And with them as with us, the monarch as well as the street beggar, desires to feel comfortable within his skin. To do this money is needed. What is the wisest, most meritorious man on earth, without money? What is a poor scholar, a talented inventor, a noble man, a prince? Are not the material interests the watchword of our present civilization?"

"You have not understood me, best Harlington. I speak of the deception, treachery, and usury menia of that class of people, who, with the rag-trade among the lower classes, as with the traffic in millions at royal courts, draws out the blood and marrow of their victims. I could tell you a story about this Saul Assur, how he overreached my father."

"Well, I do not doubt it. But if Christians allow themselves by all lawful and unlawful means to win riches, influence and power, why do you blame the poor Israelites for doing the same, when they are denied the choice of professions and employments? Why should they not seek to increase their wealth and influence by traffic with goods, deeds, bills, loans, and state papers, until the fortunate ones among them have power to speak upon kings and nations, peace or war? Why should they not become knights, barons, counts, even princes at last? I find it quite in order, where men are judged by their coats, and the bridegroom of the bartered daughter is valued according to his money chest. What is the difference between a Christian manufacturer or banker, or a broker Jew, who is fortunate in his enterprises? That in London, or Paris, Vienna or Naples, he holds the power, and captures in his golden web like a gigantic spider, not only common flies, but eagles also?"

"Indeed, friend, you are an able defender of all the stock jobbers and false dice players! But you cannot wipe out that which is disgusting in those

proceedings. I, for my part, cannot call the doings of these scamps, whereby they enrich themselves, honorable, because their race is not always brought to light. I just remember, as an example, the Jew Deutz; he first won the confidence, and then the money of the Duchess of Berry; then the Judas went and betrayed his benefactress for a still larger sum that was offered him. Or think of Prince Louis Napoleon and his landing in Boulogne. He was the puppet of the trafficking Jews and speculators of the Bourse, who played *Baise*, when Rapallo offered him twenty thousand pounds sterling to land in France."

"You are right, my dear Baron—two striking examples. If you will have patience, I will bring before you two dozen similar ones from the Christian world."

"I understand. But if you will not be satisfied with single examples, I will call upon the testimony of all times and all nations. Tough and stiff-necked in their prejudices, superstitions, and in their love of booty are the Jews. Like a peculiar race between the whites and the negroes, they are shunned as plagues of the land."

"Why should we dispute about it, Baron? Are the followers of Moses worse than Christians or Mahometans, it is the fault of their oppressors, who must bear the curse of the oppressor's guilt. Must not the tyranny of centuries call forth the treacherous, submissive cringing; and the fanaticism of the powerful call forth the fanaticism of the powerless? If the former sultans of Spain and Africa had conquered Christian Europe as they designed, what would have become of our Christians? Would they have been better than are the dispersed children of Israel? Have not the Christian Greeks, by their degradation of many centuries, become a scorn to the Mussulman more even than the despised Jews?"

"Give yourself no trouble, you will not convert me. Your Saul Assur, Baron of Goldtwig, has too strongly disturbed my peace. I am vexed. The Hebrews in a body should be driven out of Europe in place of the Turks, or their Jewish Empire should be restored to them in Palestine."

Lyonel laughed loud and heartily, and cried: "Bravo! That is an old idea prevalent among pious souls, first to plunder the Jews, and then to drive them out. But to restore the empire of David without the aid of money, is, despite of all prophecy, simply impossible. And if their money bags were left to the children of Abraham, oh, woe, they would be pursued from Europe and America by the Christian love that would attach itself to the kingdom of Jerusalem."

"Well, then, let us with patience await the coming of the Messiah of the Jews," said the Baron, desirous of changing the conversation.

"Without jest, I really expect him. There must some time appear a great man who will be the pride and glory of humanity, be it on the ruler's throne, or at the helm of State, who will be somewhat higher than a mere land-conquerer and destroyer; a man who will cast abroad the seeds of blessing for a thousand years."

"There we have the optimist, the enthusiast again. My best friend, the Messiah upon a European throne, or in the Legislator's chair would have much difficulty in humanizing the traffic-loving people of God."

"Probably he would never succeed, if he dreaded the beginning. I give up the greater portion of those now living; a better generation can only step forth out of better teachings. Therefore the law shall be severely complied with. The Jewish youth admitted to all trades and avocations, while peddling and usury shall be forbidden them. To him who pursues his business, his art, his agricultural labors honorably, should be awarded the entire civil rights of the country. So that in the land of his birth, he remain not a stranger and a pariah; but that he serve it in civil and in military duties. Believe me, it is not the Mosiah law that is the cause of the depravity of the Jews; but it is the fault of our own civilized code. It is not Christianity that yet upholds slavery and serfdom in Europe and America; it is the barbarian spirit of baptized heathens!"

"Listen, friend. If ever there is question again in Rome of a heavenly exaltation in the ranks of the saints, you can become the most capital lawyer at the canonization process!" cried the counsellor, laughing, as he shook the hand of the defender of Israel, in farewell. "I will no longer retain you from the supper-table of your Mosiah Baron. Tomorrow, I hope, you will conduct yourself in a more Christian-like manner with us."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Court Banker.

The Baron Assur was, in the eyes of our friend Lyonel, a most important personage at that moment, for through him he hoped to obtain a clue, remote though it were, to the future residence of the angel of Saint Catherine's Vale. He hastened to have himself announced, and soon found himself in the great man's presence. A small, shrunken figure, with white hair, clad in black, with a badge of honor at his side, received him in a more friendly than a ceremonious manner. A continual smile played upon the withered features of a face cast in the true Jewish type.

The table was decorated with princely display, and over it wax candles, in elaborate silver holders, shed a brilliant light. The choicest viands and the choicest wines awaited to minister unto man's lowest senses of taste and smell, exalting them to a degree. Two Jewish lads, in handsome livery, waited upon them. As long as their services were required, the

conversation flitted over various subjects, courts and theatres, railroads and Jesuits, the financial condition of Europe and America. The old Hebrew was at home on every topic. He spoke with equal tact and facility of the changes in the money market and literature; of ballet dancers and philosophers; of jugglers and diplomats, with whom he was acquainted; and he spoke of all this without boast or assumption, but rather with a well-bred indifference, sometimes in a somewhat scornful manner.

As soon, however, as the servants had withdrawn, he changed the conversation, and turned again to the moneyed affairs of America. Not for himself, but on account of a friend, he felt troubled by the oft recurring bankruptcies in the United States. Lyonel replied to the many questions put to him to his entertainer's satisfaction; gave him the address of several persons, and promised letters of recommendation to some of the best houses.

In return, the grateful Baron completely tranquilized his fears with regard to Tobias Thork; assured him that he would announce to him the condition of the invalid, and find his place of abode; and in case of his death that he would care for the orphan niece until Lyonel should make a further disposition with regard to her.

"You think of remaining a few days with the Excellency opposite?" continued the Herr Von Goldtwig.

"Only a few days," said Lyonel. "I am sorry that you leave us to-morrow. You are, I know, no stranger in the Minister's family."

"I have been invited to dinner there for every day can make no use of the gracious invitation. One is welcomed by great men when one brings, but irksome when one demands the return. But we have arranged the matter to mutual satisfaction. Wish, with all my heart, he may be as fortunate in his enterprise with the so-called countess!"

"Why the so-called? You have reference, I presume, to the Countess Gabriella Von Feldnitz?"

The banker's face assumed an additional number of wrinkles, as if in vexation at his thoughtless expression.

"Did I say so-called?" he inquired.

"What is the mystery connected with the countess?"

"I pray you, nothing more," said the Baron, as he placed his thin finger to his lips. "One must not have it bruited about; it is a sort of State secret. I would not make an enemy of my lord the Minister."

Lyonel smiled ironically. "The beautiful lady a State secret? Well, I will not be inquisitive; and will not betray anything, because I know nothing." Baron Assur looked suspiciously and with a piercing glance into his eyes, and said in a more friendly tone:

"You laugh so roguishly to your words; perhaps you know—"

"Not at all! No; the European secrets of State have little interest for me; and that, least of all, which concerns a pretty girl who may have found favor in the eyes of a mighty personage. But, as I have heard, your ruler, the duke, is already a very aged gentleman?"

"Now it is my turn to laugh! What makes you think of the duke? He is not far from seventy. Drink, my dear sir and friend, and do not forget that it is not good to talk on State affairs over the good champagne."

"You are in the right. But I must confess I am rejoiced at the progress of European culture, when it admits men of your faith, men like you, into its State mysteries and Court affairs. That used to be possible only for confessors and favorites; now they look upon the man as he is, not upon the—"

"No, no! Not upon the man," interrupted the Jewish Baron, and he scornfully curled his lip; "not upon the man as he is, but on that which he has. If one of us were poor, who would notice him, though he were wiser than Solomon? Every pound of gold renders the man more weighty and influential. Without money, no power, my dear sir! So it is in the world. Am not proud of my worth."

"You are all too modest, sir; and it is not to be scorned, the entrance into the great world, the intercourse with kings, princes and dignitaries of the realm."

"What is it you say? Great world! great world! It is nothing but a little circle, this great world, of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, who think more of a star on the breast than of all the stars in the firmament. What is it else? The little world that I belong to, I believe, greater and richer. Will gladly be what I am. Assur, or Goldtwig, what is the difference?"

"I believe you. You, with your humane mode of thought, can live more contented than many a prince, and justly so."

"We need the great men, because they need us. I would not exchange with any one. A couple million of gold pieces are, at all times, tamer subjects than the same number of human heads; can be put to as good a use, and will not rebel. As long as the Bank of London holds, and the French do not seek war, things look secure everywhere. But—"

"Why this but? Do you fear war?"

"By no means. May the wise Louis Philippe live ten thousand years! He understands, like no one else, how to govern the restless land. He closes the Parisian populace in Babylonian walls; and is a better financier than ever was the celebrated Bally, who only permitted State expenses of some thirty million livres annually. Necker made it seven hundred and forty millions, and France was bankrupt. Napoleon, on the contrary, used a *Million* annually, and held his place. Do you see, friend, Louis Philippe

exceeds that sum, and he is a great man! Only the Parisian playground costs the people one hundred and forty millions and over; and do they make a sign of reluctance?"

The American cared but little for the finance system of the French and the accounts of State expenditures, on which the banker delighted to expatiate. It was in vain that with artful politeness he sought to turn the discourse upon the family in Saint Catherine's Vale. The meretricious man of figures, in place of recurring to them, added up for him the united funds of the Rothschild family. If Lyonel sought to obtain further information respecting the beautiful so-called at the villa, he was compelled to listen to an elaborate account of the splendor of the Duke of Wellington, whose gold and silver plate alone, at a recent feast, had been valued at three or four millions; this, in contrast to the meagre display of the Minister Von Urning, was largely dwelt upon.

Wearied with the occurrences of the day, and driven almost to desperation by the uninteresting talk of the banker, the tortured American at last took his flight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Life at the Villa.

Clad with all the care of a gentleman who would not conflict with the usages of high society, Harlington bent his steps toward the castle on the following morning. He walked slowly along, and remained dreamily standing by the side path that, branching off from the main road, led through a portion of the park to Saint Catherine's Vale. He appeared uncertain whether to continue his walk; he looked up to the dazzling villa on his left, that smiled upon him from amid its wreath of bloom; then he glanced to the right, and the poor hut in the distance attracted him far more magnetically.

Decaying butts and moss-overgrown ruins are picturesque in themselves, and awaken a deeper melody in the soul than does the empty, pompous regularity of palaces. The former, a picture of the past, the evanescent, the remembrancers of days of joy and sorrow, imbue the heart in the pleasing sadness of memory and foreboding; while from the stately grandeur of the lordly pile there blows upon us the cold, withering breath of pride. But perhaps it was naught of all this that caused the young man to pause and falter at the road that led between the palace and the hovel.

He went to the castle. A swift-footed attendant accompanied him up the broad marble staircase, with its banisters of bronzed gold, into the reception saloon, the floor of which was covered with costly carpeting, the walls with gobelin tapestry, and costly oil paintings suspended from silken cords. Divans, arm chairs and seats were covered with velvet, embroidered with gold; clocks of finest workmanship; alabaster and porcelain vases, filled with fragrant flowers, and resting upon tables of rose wood and mahogany; green silk curtains, that subdued the too fervid sunlight, were draped before the high, arched windows, from which a purple gleam was cast; all that good taste could give in tribute to wealth and beauty was assembled in the spacious room.

The Minister, accompanied by his son, received the guest with friendly reproaches, because he persisted in preferring the inn to the entire hospitality of his friends. The conversation thus begun was continued in a pleasing strain of cheerful sallies and witty remarks. In a short time, the young ladies joined them, both amiable as ever, Gabriella at first somewhat blushing and embarrassed, but soon regaining her self control, she amused herself in hurling at the stranger the brilliant shafts of her wit and cheerful spirits.

Before the evening of that day, Lyonel felt at home in his new surroundings, like one who belonged to them, and still more so on the following days that shortened the interval between the promised interview with Cecilia. He had that tact which adapts itself to circumstances and persons; and he became the animating soul of all their excursions, walks, visitings, games, light and serious conversations. He accompanied Leone's singing and guitar with his masterly performance on the flute, and Gabriella's voice, on the piano forte, so that he gained, without striving for it, favor with all. The friendship of the prying Counsellor augmented each day, and the young ladies regarded him with almost sisterly confidence. Only the Minister, even after several days of uninterrupted intercourse, lost nothing of the assumed diplomatic, distant bearing. He was and remained a keen observer. He had met with so much deception on his business path—perhaps, had practiced some—that he was suspicious, without, however, giving a token thereof by word or look. Toward his son, when alone with him, he expressed his disapproval of that warm heart's great confidence in the stranger guest. These expressions were often repeated, and changed at last to serious warnings and anxious solicitude.

"Have a care, Rainer!" he said, one evening after Lyonel had taken his leave: "This acquaintance may prove a source of after sorrow to our house! The man is not what he desires to appear. You do not know him. I know him still less. He speaks German, English, French, Italian, what you will. From what country is he? His passport calls him an American; passports can be obtained in various ways. He makes a display. Well, then, he is wealthy; but how? He plays the part of a man of culture and the world. But there are fascinating adventures and elegant swindlers. I saw, in London, common servants, who, from their noble bearing and fine manners, I would have taken for real gentlemen, for lords; and then I saw peddlers, who

awkward, clumsy ways might have marked them as domestics. Rainer, it is not unknown to you, we have responsibilities toward the Countess. I will say no more. Trust whom?"

Almost rendered indignant by these doubts thrown out against his friend, he replied, with a smile:

"Why so fearful, my father? I beg of you, give me but one single positive reason for the suspicions you entertain. Until now, Harrington has shown himself in word and deed an independent man of honor; just, true, strictly moral; perhaps, now and then, somewhat too enthusiastic for some beautiful ideal or project of world reform."

The old statesman shrugged his shoulders, and said in a tone of some vexation:

"May tell all that belong to his trade? In the masked ball of life, for the furtherance of an aim, hero garbs are assumed, Socrates faces, vestments of the saints and martyr crowns are donned. Why has he, as himself confesses, wandered over all lands for several years? In his philosophical tendencies, with your permission, I believe the least. Is he a political refugee? a secret agent of the French or English?—or, perhaps, the emissary of a revolutionary organization? His beautiful ideals, as you call them, much resemble arch-leonagogue projects. Be it as it will, Rainer, I have nothing against your intimacy with him; but observe him; make him if you will and can, all your own; but do not give yourself to him too much. For you there is nothing to fear; but—"

The Minister seemed inclined to smother his thought. His son asked hastily:

"For whom, then? I do not understand you. Believe me, my honored father, you do him wrong."

Possibly, he may be innocent!" replied the old man. "But care and caution in all things are therefore none the less necessary. I find, myself, that the young man is of pleasing exterior, fascinating, therefore, all the more dangerous! It seems to me that our ladies are somewhat too unreserved with him; I have warned Leonie. But if the Countess Felditz—Rainer, Rainer! for heaven's sake! What fatal consequences may fall upon our house? We—we are accountable to the Duke and Grand Duke!"

This conversation, and especially its conclusion, produced a most painful impression on the Countess. He began to fear for the hearts of the maidens; for Harrington he feared less, for he always conducted himself with a degree of reserve, which the young girls, in their light hearted gaiety, did not observe toward him. He would gladly have spoken to his friend about it, but was withheld by a feeling of delicacy, and also by the fear of betraying something that he should not; unconsciously, he became somewhat changed to his friend and favorite companion. The young ladies, on the contrary, enjoyed most fully the genial society of the guest of the house. Leonie would feel quite indignant when her brother, between jest and earnest would hold up his finger and repeat the words:

"You and the Countess guard your hearts against the man from the New World! I see danger in your play."

"Love, mighty warrior, everywhere, Of the arch deceiver's toils beware!"

Leonie had reason to feel indignant at her brother's warnings; for she was betrothed, and loved her chosen one with all her heart. Her cheerful manner that was the accompanying boon of her spring-time of life, never led to frivolity. But this could not be said with equal certainty of the young Countess of Felditz; beautiful, and conscious of that beauty, of which her mirror and a swarm of admirers in the society and at court assured her, and destined thereby to be the first in splendor, wit and ornament in the circles she frequented, she yet knew how to control her natural vivacity, and to deport herself with true womanly dignity. But, in the more confiding household boundaries, where she could move without restraint, she revealed herself in freedom as a good, but spoiled child. In Lichtenheim, in the enjoyment of the country life so seldom allotted her, she gladly threw off the shackles of etiquette, that she might follow her innocent inclinations.

"We will again be little girls," she would say to her more thoughtful friend; "that we dare not be in the stiff, formal city!"

Her hand was promised already to one of equal rank with herself, but she knew only of his handsome face from a portrait, which did not displease her at all, as it represented a handsome, manly countenance. The appearance of the stranger from Alabama had somewhat disarranged her part of little girl; for he was not only a handsome man, but genial and well-informed, as were few of his age. As he soon ceased to be a stranger to the others, he was not one to her either. She loved to sit at his most lively sallies; to listen to him, and she would gladly have drawn his admiring attention to herself alone. Why she so much desired this, she gave herself no trouble to reflect upon; nor why she felt secretly annoyed because his manner toward her remained the same as it had been on the first day; and that he had not the slightest preference between Leonie and herself, who was accustomed to behold all at her feet. But this feeling of vexation only attracted her toward him all the more strongly. She pouted with him in thought, and then forgave him most heartily at the same moment, though he performed no penance on that account.

Leonie observed this portentous change of feeling in the breast of her companion. She often punished the light-hearted girl in jest, by telling her of this, and in that way Gabriella was informed of that which, passing within, was unknown to herself, and the name with which Leonie had baptized this new feeling and had called it dangerous, had made it so in reality. The warned fair one would have suddenly brought it to an end, and thought nothing could be more easily achieved; but unconsciously the romance was continued in her soul. She controlled herself sufficiently, however, to conceal from the American epizante the spells he had evoked in her maiden heart, but an accident revealed it all.

Coming out of her room one day, tripping, dancing, singing as usual, and prepared for a walk, she floated quickly down the marble stairs; she saw Harrington ascending toward her, and felt her feet give way and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. Bewildered by the suddenness of the occurrence, for she had scarcely had the time to feel alarmed, feeling against the breast of him she idolized in secret, she forgot to extricate herself from his arms, and in modest confusion her head sank upon his shoulder. When she recovered herself, and raised her head to thank him, to apologize, she found his blue eyes beaming close to her own. She forgot the words she was about to utter; she did not see Leonie, who, coming from the garden by the open gate, drew back at the unexpected scene she witnessed. Completely clapping her hands, she withdrew tremblingly into the garden.

In a few moments afterwards, Gabriella and Leonie followed the frightened girl into the columned hall before the house. Leonie was silent, earnest and embarrassed; with a forced smile she addressed the Lady Leonie Von Urmung. Gabriella, with crimsoned cheeks, rapt, illumined eyes and heaving breath, sat silently apart.

The Countess was expected to join them; in the meantime none of the three knew what to say or do. Each of them was occupied with their own thoughts. The Countess breaking the silence, said:

"Why are you so deathly pale?" to Leonie. "And you so glowing red?" inquired the young lady in return.

Gabriella blushed still more deeply. Her eyes wandered around as if in search of a reply in the air, or as if she had not heard the question.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Confidential Converses.

The walk was not taken; the Counsellor begged to be excused for that time; he had deeds and letters to be looked over from the capital. The rest appeared to be out of humor. The Minister took possession of Leonie, Gabriella returned to her room. Leonie sought to divert her mind by various little occupations, and when she found that she could not succeed, she hastened to the Countess to give her her company, or perhaps evince her a still greater service.

Gabriella sat at her fine piano, playing her favorite air—"Dolce Speranza mia"—that Leonie always accompanied with his agreeable tenor. At Leonie's entrance she arose gaily and cried:

"Good, my bonnelle, that you do not forsake me! I may not read, do not care to play, or commence embroidery. What shall we do with ourselves until dinner time?"

"Your ladyship, do you command?" said Leonie respectfully, but was not allowed to conclude her sentence, for the hand of the countess was quickly placed upon her mouth.

"For shame, Leonie! Do you wish to make me angry? or have you again forgotten that with you in Lichtenheim—"

"I have forgotten nothing, dear countess; but because you forgot, though only for a moment, forgot that you—that you—"

"How? what have I forgotten against you?"

"Not against me, but against yourself!" replied the daughter of the Minister, and she added in a lower tone:

"Do not be angry. It was an accident; no one, fortunately, has seen only I—when on the stairs—"

Leonie ventured not to proceed. Gabriella flushed crimson and gave her friend a slight tap on the cheek as she said:

"Prying and gossiping eye! Well, how could I help it? I missed a step and fell toward him. It was a pure accident, of course, nothing more. Better with him than another stranger, or that I should have fallen headlong and been crushed; only accident and chance."

"A double one, it seems," said Leonie, who could not refrain from laughing at the explanation, "You fell toward him. Even that is the most important point in the case. You fell, perhaps, quite willingly, and Harrington—may I say it?—most gladly caught what I fear he has long since held captive." "You are a naughty girl, Leonie; the worst of tormenting spirits! I would like to punish you. Of course, in my first affright I clung to him; he was compelled to sustain me. I know not how I felt. I was in a state of bewilderment. The occurrence is vexatious, I confess; let us say no more about it, my love. For the rest—and why should I deny what you acknowledge yourself?—Harrington is withal a most retiring, amiable man."

"Oh, be still, be still, Countess! If Prince Louis heard you, and knew all, all!"

"Can I help it? He may know all. So much the better if the Prince has never done worse than that. They say the best of him; but this is always done of princes, if they are only tolerable. If they were silent about him, or made excuses for him, he would be a worthless being, though it was never said. But I do not know my Prince. His letters? They are the customary sweet things. His portrait? Well, he looks quite agreeable in the blue uniform with its rich embroidery of gold, with the ribbon and great silver stars upon his breast. But such unseen *amant sylphs* do not cause hearts to throb."

"It would, my lovely Countess, be far different, I presume, if our American were Prince Louis himself, in disguise."

"That romance would please me, indeed! But, alas, Leonie, romances are not enacted in courts; only political traffic is there carried on. We poor creatures are a court fabric, that belong to the State until it barters us off profitably and conveniently. We poor girls may possess everything but a heart. You, dear Leonie, are more fortunate than I. You are permitted to choose amid your admirers. Every peasant maiden is free and rich in the rights denied to us, and therefore is more to be envied in her coarse woolen frock, than we are in satin and velvet, Brabant laces and jewels. The lords of the throne sometimes form morgantio marriages—but we—"

"No, dearest Gabriella, you must not speak so. Honor your exalted position; Providence has given you, from your birth, privileges and endowments beyond the millions; you must offer a sacrifice for the good of millions. And who can tell whether this very sacrifice will not prove the blessing of a life to you?"

"Oh, my good Leonie! Of what value are a thousand preferences and privileges for one heart that we would win? The happiness of a life, Leonie! It is possible. But an ocean of pleasant possibilities weighs not in the scale as does one drop of glorious certainty. Happiness in courts! Happy royal marriages—how rare!"

"Perhaps, dearest Countess, no rarer to be met with than in lowlier stations."

"I allow myself to doubt a little; there, at least conjugal affection is not considered ridiculous; there the expression of natural feeling is not viewed as unbecoming. We of the court belong, on account of our position, to an unnatural state, that bears within itself the penalty of its sins. Remember, Leonie, how your brother related to us the other day, of the number of princes who were insane or idiotic, and of the sorrowful fate of several princesses of our time."

"Do not grow melancholy, I entreat you, my beautiful Gabriella. The serious expression does not become your face at all."

"Between ourselves, Leonie, I tremble for Prince Louis and myself."

"So you can tremble before empty possibilities? Why not smile in the face of a joyous future? Quick, let me see you laugh again! Only, I implore

you, if I shall not myself tremble for you, have more care and caution in the presence of the dangerous American. Do not, for heaven's sake, betray yourself to him, or to any one else. What consequences would—the thought alone makes me giddy! Even my brother does not seem to be without certain suspicions that trouble him."

"Nonsense!" said the countess, smiling, and she took Leonie's arm. "What do you fear? Hear me: Harrington pleases me, it is true; but more than that? not at all. It is true the scene on the staircase vexes me. I forgot myself a little. I felt wonderfully. I cannot explain it in words. But where is the sin? In a few days he will depart from Lichtenheim. Well, we will desire him a happy journey. My station and his are too unequal, and our acquaintances too recent, that—"

A young waiting maid entered at the door, and announced that another guest, the Count Von Wabern, had arrived.

"That is the very thing!" cried the countess, jumping up in sudden glee. "An indemnification! Shall we see to our toilet before we receive him?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DISAPPOINTED VISIONARY.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Once on a time (as fairy legends say,) There was a man who dreamed his hours away. With idle hands and idly scheming brain, He thought great honor and great worth to gain.

The obscure glimmerings of his own vain mind He deemed the splendor of all spheres combined; His listless indolence was but the state In which the gifted sons of Genius wait.

For the descent of ideal power and glory Which link immortal names to picture, song, or story. He sighed and longed for fame, and fortune, too, But never seemed to think that he had sought to do.

Unmindful that the righteous way to ask Is devious to perform each day's appointed task— To seek in earnest work the sacrament of use, Which can alone absolve from folly and abuse.

This would-be sage and seer, one summer's day, Strolled out to while superfluous time away. Fair was the scene to which his footsteps strayed, Beneath a grand old forest's ample shade.

No dwarfish shrubs obstructive marred the beauty of the bowers. But verdant tapestry decked the ground, starred with sweet wilding flowers;

A silver streamlet here and there flecked with delicious blue. Showed where the sunny azure gleamed the leafy arches through.

Our weary dreamer sat him down beside the brooklet's brink, With fingers to his forehead pressed, he then began to think— And whispering to himself, he said, "O how I long to share

Such state majestic, as they say the heavenly angels wear—

To robe me like illustrious kings, with suppliant countenance, To be almost a god, and wield the lightning for a lance."

But here, with an entrancing power that held him like a spell, A hymning rapture seemed to float from some melodious shell;

The forest seemed to melt away in clouds of rainbow white; And near him stood a glorious form, arrayed in shining

Upon his arm the bright one held a mantle of pure gold. But flutted as the softest fleece on lambkins of the fold—

And in his hand he bore a crown, the palest of whose gems Would shame the proudest jewel set in earthly diadems.

He spoke, and through the listener's soul the silver accents thrilled. They seemed the essence of sweet sound from heavenly song distilled:

"I am thine Angel-Guardian, sent to teach thee Wisdom's plan. The gifts thou covetest, I bring! Come, gird thee like a man.

Unto thine eager palms I give this crown—its brilliance note— This mantle (sure a regal gift) shall from thy shoulders float."

But when the mortal touched the crown its fires of beauty died! A dull and leaden rim he grasped and could see nought beside!

The kindly mantle, too, hung down in limp and scanty folds— While not a threadbare fibre now its recent richness holds!

Dismayed, he cried in passionate grief, "What sight is this I see? Take back the gifts, oh, Angel bright—they cannot shine for me!"

The Angel took the robe and crown. The golden hues returned— While in the gems the lucid fires with tenfold lustre burned.

Sweet tears of pity dimmed his eyes—he said, "Be not afraid, But hear the truth: thine own weak heart hath thy fond hopes betrayed:

Within the clasp of vain desire no blest fruition lies— Thou first must win ere thou canst wear the splendor of the skies.

Work, work while it is called To-day; the Night comes darkly down. Thou canst not reap on heavenly plains what here thou hast not sown.

This garment's golden texture grew from goodness in the life Of one who nobly bore the heat, the burden and the strife.

This coronet of countless cost, was wrought from loving deeds And holy thoughts that ministered with joy to others' needs—

Of patient meekness that could bear but never practice wrong; That stood for Justice and for Right, and loved and suffered long.

Celestial jewels never yet on Pride's haught brow were seen; The self-adorned, in Truth's light, is wretched, poor and mean.

Abandon folly's path this hour, and seek, on bended knee, The grace and strength that God alone hath power to grant to thee."

One moment and the wondering man stood, saddened and alone— The pure, benignant face and form were from his vision gone.

With tender heart and clearer head he went upon his way. And holier aims and nobler life he sought from that bright day.

Original Essays.

THE UNION

A Union of the People in Perpetuity.

BY HORACE DEBREE, M. D., LL. D.

At this time of bloody conflict which owes its origin to those political agitations, strifes of parties, and civil dissensions, which were the harbingers of secession, it may not be without benefit to look for a moment at a point of difference between the First General Government, under the Articles of Confederation, and the Second General Government, under the present Constitution—a point which forever puts at rest the insane assumptions of the South. It would seem that events are testing the material of which the National Government is composed. A touch-stone has been applied of such potency, that its elements and their specific gravity are now being ascertained. Though the fabric of our national organization has felt the shock of fratricidal forces, we trust it will stand firmly as before, and that the record of its destruction shall never find place on the pages of its history. Let us analyze a little.

This nation commenced its existence under the name, style, or title of *The United States of America*. These were the words used to designate the first organization of the Thirteen States formed out of those colonies which, in their corporate character succeeding from the British Crown, declared their independence of Royal Rule. The language was well adapted to enunciate the idea, which was that of a Confederation of States, unshorn of a single corporate right—a league of Sovereign Powers—a union of Republics—an association of Independentities—an aggregation of Nationalities—each retaining its sovereignty, freedom, and independence; each continuing to exercise every power, jurisdiction and right belonging to it, and not alienated by it; each remaining geographically distributed and separate, in all their political divisions and territorial domains. The title which was taken to distinguish the new government, never once contemplated anything but an association of bodies politic or commonwealths, into which was absorbed the individual man, who became lost in the aggregation of all the men residing within their respective boundaries. The style simply looked at an alliance of Republics and not of the people of which they were composed—a fraternity of States, and not of the persons dwelling therein—a union of distinct political communities in severalty, and not a union of the people thereof integrally. The name chosen was most apposite and significant. It carried the idea of a supervisory archbishopric, wherein the people should be barred of any direct agency in the choice of those who should exercise power, or who should engage in the administration of affairs, having solely for its foundations the several associated States in their corporate capacity and relations, and always acting through their respective delegates.

Under the Government bearing this name, the people, for all political and practical purposes whatsoever, were simply inhabitants of these independent States, or diminutive communities, having no national or common citizenship, each independency, or State, of right and in its own right, being sovereign and self-existent; each exercising, solitarily and by itself, the functions of Government; each, in fact, being a Republic. True it is, they acted together, confederated, and formed a firm league of friendship, but not, however, as persons and as related citizens of one indivisible population derived from all these different embodiments of personality. Indeed, the Articles of Confederation which inaugurated the Government adopting this title, were so framed that in all their doings and relations with each other, these Republics should preserve their state individually, and keep unimpaired the several sectional boundary lines which marked the old established districts. The Republics in alliance under these Articles of Confederation, were, as their corporate name declares, the United States of America—and nothing more than States united in a firm league of friendship. They were neither a popular nor a political unit in national administration. Their title is no misnomer—it harmonizes with the political Establishment.

If the above be a correct outline of fact, it is plain to see that a State, under the Confederation, or First General Government, might secede or retire from the association; withdraw its fellowship; might recall its words of friendship; might dissolve its alliance. The States corporately, not the people of the States, were the high contracting parties to the Articles of Confederation. But under the Constitution which followed, it is otherwise—here the States are inactive and silent, and the people of the States act and speak; but they neither make contracts nor compact with one another, as did the States in the Confederation—they themselves, the eternal primates of sovereignty and political power, seen and felt in the last analysis of society, for themselves and for their posterity, do ordain and establish the Constitution. *We, the people*, not the States; the whole population, not a fraction of it—must be consulted in the matter of the support of the Constitution. The government of the Confederation was the property of the States—the government under the Constitution, is the property of the people of all the States, held by them as citizens of that government, in joint tenancy or tenancy in common. The nature and principles of the national government under the Constitution, preclude the idea of secession from allegiance and obligation to its behests. Under the Constitution it is the citizen who owes allegiance—not the State. Allegiance withheld, withdrawn, or forsworn, accompanied with overt acts, places the citizen in the category of traitor, rebel, or revolutionist. How can a citizen secede—how can he cast off allegiance? We see but two ways by which the citizen of the United States can be relieved from his fabled or real grievances under the Constitution, and not depart from the country—the one by amendment of that instrument—the other by abolishment of it, by revolution and war upon the government. May we not justly affirm that what is called and known to-day as secession, is but another name for revolution and war against the Federal Government.

We have said that the States under the First General Government, were neither a popular nor a political unit in national administration. Now just the reverse of this is true of them, under the Constitution. Hence it is, that we object to the national name. Why was the name of the old Confederation of States, into which never entered the idea nor the fact of popular apportionment and representation,

only signifying a union of States and not a union of the people, *the more perfect union*, which, it is declared, was the object to be attained by means of the Constitution—given to the new Constitution? We adjudged it to be a misnomer, since it has not a true correspondence with the subject to which it has been applied, and since it fails to express the elemental, popular, or democratic idea. It is the old label applied to a new and different article. Are we not taught that it is wise to put new wine into new bottles?

We have shown, it is hoped, that the Confederation prior to the Constitution, was a union of republics—that subsequently and under its auspices, it has been a *Union of the People*. Such distinction is recognized by that instrument itself—its preamble plainly indicates such intention—and it is proper, in the search after its aims and purposes, to receive its own words in evidence; they must be a safe exponent in the matter of its meanings. In *limine*, it declares itself to be the ordinance of the People, to establish, among other things, a *more perfect union* than that which preceded, and which it manifestly seems to confess, fell far short of perfection—under a new government to be conducted according to its provisions, superseding all the old forms and the accustomed routine of the State-alliance of 1773. Notwithstanding such a radical change in the nature of its being as well as in its movements, its old title, as we have seen above, was retained—an inconsistency, when it is considered that the Thirteen Sectionalities, with all their territorial appearances, became an integer, and thus made up one grand nationality, giving a happy illustration and beautiful significance to the motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*.

A few thoughts aside from the path indicated by our heading. It is to be regretted that when there was so favorable a conjuncture of circumstances as occurred at the formation of the Constitution, the occasion was not seized upon by the people to give a name to the nation significant or appellative, either in respect to the discoverer of their country, or in respect to the chieftain of their armies and principal of their councils. They knew that the name of the adventurous navigator of the Great Sea and discoverer of this Continent, ought to have had place on the entire surface of the Western World, from the cliffs and headlands that line the restless waves of the Atlantic, to the shores that stretch along the gentler waters of the Pacific Ocean. But it did not commend itself to them as the proper name of the nation. The national name is now not only a misnomer, but devoid historically and heroically of a single idea that carries with it great things and great events. It is significant only of a firm or co-partnership of districts of country, called states! These states themselves have mostly meaning names—names significant of something in history, geography, or biography.

But what the forgetful people of these republics failed to do in the Constitution, was done in the Columbiad, by a mindful citizen of the world-wide Republic of Letters. All honor to the patriot Poet! Poetry, more just and liberal in its contributions to the shrines of greatness than patriotism, has decreed that this nation shall be called COLUMBIA. Poetry has applied a proper patronymic—ply that it or another of equal aptness may not be applied by Patriotism. The people know also of one living in their midst whose modesty was too great, perhaps, to admit of a constitutional expression of their desires in giving his name to the nation. Its paternity certainly is conceded by all history, and constant acknowledgment. The world has conferred the immortal honor and dignity of *PATER PATRIS*, on WASHINGTON, *clavum et venerabile nomen*. Why, then, should not the people of this nation transfer that name to their nationality, and it henceforth be called among the nations of the earth after its Great Father?

There is the bold and persevering man of this age of great events and great achievements, who will undertake to convince the people of the justice and propriety of a change in the national name, and that hereafter it should be known by that of him to whom the nation is more indebted than to any other man for its independence and place among the governments of the world—or that of him who discovered this Western Continent? It is easy of accomplishment, if the people will avail themselves of the opportunity. It is easy to fancy with what enthusiasm they would hasten to cast their votes for such change of name. If the strange and stirring events of to-day shall eventuate in a remodeling or amending of the Constitution and a strengthening of their government, we pray that the future national name may be identical with that of one of the heroes we have mentioned.

Would not the adoption of such national name be better, would it not be speedier, and would it not carry with it more honor to the memory of the exalted patriot or great discoverer, than the erection of statues of brass, or monuments of stone? Before that pile in the Capital City which bears one of these illustrious names, can be completed, such imperishable monument as that now proposed, may be built without the cost of one dollar in addition to the current expense of legislation, and without the sound of a single implement of labor!

Antiquity furnishes an illustrious instance of a nation bearing a name derived from its founder. Through the centuries that have been notched on the calendar of time, Rome, ancient and modern—Rome, monarchial, republican, imperial and papal—Rome, in all its permutations of form of government and policy of administration—Rome, in all its transmutations of systems of religion—has stood a majestic monument to the name of a nursing, the real or fabled *Romulus*, fostered by a beast of the forest on the banks of the Tiber, in after days in his manhood, to lay there upon its seven hills the foundations of the Eternal City—the seat of Roman Empire!

But enough concerning the nature of the Union and the name of the nation. We had hoped never to see the severance of those ligaments which bound together these States. But notwithstanding the folly and wickedness of secession, which has cost the nation so many valuable lives and so much treasure, we confidently hope to see them brought, into a perfect union and harmony of feeling and of action, restored once more to peace in all our borders, and the nation prosperous and happy.

"Madame," said a doctor one day to a mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "The ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a lovely, happy, uniformly good child?"

The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then replied simply and beautifully, "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

BY L. JUDD PARDEN.

We proceed by paces of progress, pushed and led, because a new intense life, celestially magnetic, and a new, universal light of universal truth, mixes and mingles with us, animates and stimulates the deep of being. Confusion, threatening to become worse confounded, will, in every department whatsoever, agitate and obfuscate this people still, no longer seeing the way, and harassed nigh unto absolute despair by tempest-tossments, they shall implore the special interposition of the Divine. Then it is that the *Unity Dispensation*, a comforter to head and heart, and led in by the Christs of the Nineteenth Century, will interpose—will interpose to save in the climax of this dread ruin—spirit. When that fairly opens and gets some acceptance, applicative as it will, be to every sphere of use, the *Ark* is here. Even now, as they who stand on hill-tops at dawn first see shadowy arms of light, like white arms of spirit, thrust up the sky, so interiorly elevated minds light the *lumen* of the new divine day. *—Its auroral message is upon their brow. Look, and see.*

But to me, such wings are as useless as those appended to angels by the early artists, and I think the prayer-wings of mortals may slip off as profitably and easily as the angel's wings. For my part, I do not see any use for either. But, if any spirit needs wings, or mortal prayers, I am willing he or she should have them and use them. But I do not expect to travel with, or live with, or embrace a spirit with wings. I would let ponderable bodies stay off earth, and use staves and crutches when they need.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARIA.

BY E. CASE.

For the shadow of our being
Does not reach far in the skies;
To a point it there must taper,
In the light that round it lies;
And the thoughts that beat within us
Are the waves of that great sea,
Whose sounding shores but echo in us
Voices from Eternity.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, April 20, 1862.

INNOVATION

INVOCATION.

This religion forms a complete system of spiritual government, which must be administered with rigorous firmness; and it has no other object than to teach human beings they have souls and what should be done to cultivate them, not to teach them what they owe to Deity; for he asks and will receive nothing from them but what they owe to themselves. God requires no worship, no offerings, no chants of praise, nor moral utterances, but still the first commandment says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul," because this is positively essential as a stepping stone toward doing justice to one's self, for, if man forgets his Creator, he will

It is the necessary fate of all moral systems to be in advance of those who receive them, surrounded, as they are, and by subject to all the conditions of frailty and imperfection. Perfection is the goal which all are reaching after; condemn not your brother for stumbling on the rugged pathway, but help him further back because he has bleeding feet and hands, but help him up and set him on his journey once again. Do not thrust the outcast and degraded into the still deeper or darkness of condemnation and neglect, but by gentleness seek to remove the veil from their moral vision.

When sorrow comes, and death lays his icy hand on the right shoulder of the living, it is our duty to lift the garment of immortality, lift the veil that hides the mysterious world beyond, and direct the eye of faith to a certain and everlasting home. And in the hour of dark despair, when the soul is overwhelmed with doubt, or beset with evil suggestions, remember that religious instruction is a part of the inheritance that God has given to his people and spoke long ago did not write that more than the truth, and that God is with you to-day. And, oh, remember that charity covereth the multitude of sins, and without it all gifts are unavailing.

Religion, especially, is that which lifts you above the mists of condemnation and bitter reproach, by showing that the man is not made of such stuff as flesh and bone, but is all alike to be judged by God. If man do so,

awkward, clumsy ways might have marked them as domestic. Rainer, it is not unknown to you, we have responsibilities toward the Countess. I will say no more. Trust whom?"

Almost rendered indignant by these doubts thrown out against his friend, he replied, with a smile:

"Why so fearful, my father? I beg of you, give me but one single positive reason for the suspicions you entertain. Until now, Harrington has shown himself in word and deed an independent man of honor; just, true, strictly moral; perhaps, now and then, somewhat too enthusiastic for some beautiful ideal or project of world reform."

The old statesman shrugged his shoulders, and said in a tone of some vexation:

"May not all that belong to his trade? In the masked ball of life, for the furtherance of an aim, hero garbs are assumed, Socrates faces, vestments of the saints and martyr crowns are donned. Why has he, as himself confesses, wandered over all lands for several years? In his philosophical tendencies, with your permission, I believe the least. Is he a political refugee? a secret agent of the French or English?—or, perhaps, the emissary of a revolutionary organization? His beautiful ideals, as you call them, much resemble arch-Jemogogue projects. Be it as it will, Rainer, I have nothing against your intimacy with him; but observe him; make him if you will and can, all your own; but do not give yourself to him too much. For you there is nothing to fear; but—"

The Minister seemed inclined to smother his thought. His son asked hastily:

"For whom, then? I do not understand you. Believe me, my honored father, you do him wrong."

"Possibly, he may be innocent!" replied the old man. "But care and caution in all things are therefore none the less necessary. I find, myself, that the young man is of pleasing exterior, fascinating, therefore, all the more dangerous! It seems to me that our ladies are somewhat too unreserved with him; I have warned Leonie. But if the Countess Feldlitz—Rainer, Rainer! for heaven's sake! What fatal consequences may fall upon our house? We—we are accountable to the Duke and Grand Duke!"

This conversation, and especially its conclusion, produced a most painful impression on the Countess. He began to fear for the hearts of the maidens; for Harrington he feared less, for he always conducted himself with a degree of reserve, which the young girls, in their light hearted gaiety, did not observe toward him. He would gladly have spoken to his friend about it, but was withheld by a feeling of delicacy, and also by the fear of betraying something that he should not; unconsciously, he became somewhat changed to his friend and favorite companion.

The young ladies, on the contrary, enjoyed most fully the genial society of the guest of the house. Leonie would feel quite indignant when her brother, between jest and earnest would hold up his finger and repeat the words:

"You and the Countess guard your hearts against the man from the New World! I see danger in your play."

"Love, mighty victor, everywhere. Of the arch deceiver! 'tis beware!"

Leonie had reason to feel indignant at her brother's warnings; for she was betrothed, and loved her chosen one with all her heart. Her cheerful manner that was the accompanying boon of her spring-time of life, never led to frivolity. But this could not be said with equal certainty of the young Countess of Feldlitz; beautiful, and conscious of that beauty, of which her mirror and a swarm of admirers in the city and at court assured her, and destined thereby to be the first in splendor, wit and ornament in the circles she frequented, she yet knew how to control her natural vivacity, and to deport herself with true womanly dignity. But, in the more confiding household boundaries, where she could move without restraint, she revealed herself in freedom as a good, but spoiled child. In Lichtenheim, in the enjoyment of the country life so seldom allotted her, she gladly threw off the shackles of etiquette, that she might follow her innocent inclinations.

"We will again be little girls," she would say to her more thoughtful friend; "that we dare not be in the stiff, formal city."

Her hand was promised already to one of equal rank with herself, but she knew only of his handsome face from a portrait, which did not displease her at all, as it represented a handsome, manly countenance. The appearance of the stranger from Alabama had somewhat disarranged her part of little girl; for he was not only a handsome man, but genial and well-informed, as were few of his age. As he soon ceased to be a stranger to the others, he was not one to her either. She loved to aim at him her liveliest sallies; to listen to him, and she would gladly have drawn his admiring attention to herself alone. Why she so much desired this, she gave herself no trouble to reflect upon; nor why she felt secretly annoyed because his manner toward her remained the same as it had been on the first day; and that he had not the slightest preference between Leonie and herself, who was accustomed to behold all at her feet. But this feeling of vexation only attracted her toward him all the more strongly. She pouted with him in thought, and then forgave him most heartily at the same moment, though he performed no penance on that account.

Leonie observed this portentous change of feeling in the breast of her companion. She often punished the light-hearted girl in jest, by telling her of this, and in that way Gabriella was informed of that which, passing within, was unknown to herself, and the name with which Leonie had baptized this new feeling and had called it dangerous, had made it so in reality. The warned fair one would have suddenly brought it to an end, and thought nothing could be more easily achieved; but unconsciously the romance was implanted in her soul. She controlled herself sufficiently, however, to conceal from the American epizote the spells he had evoked in her maiden heart, but an accident revealed it all.

Coming out of her room one day, tripping, dancing, singing as usual, and prepared for a walk, she floated quickly down the marble stairs; she saw Harrington ascending toward her, and felt her feet give way and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. Bewildered by the suddenness of the occurrence, for she had scarcely had the time to feel alarmed, resting against the breast of him she had called in secret, she forgot to extricate herself from his arms, and in modest confusion her head sank upon his shoulder. When she recovered herself, and raised her head to thank him, to apologize, she found his blue eyes beaming close to her own. She forgot the words she was about to utter; she did not see Leonie, who, coming from the garden, by the opened door, drew back at the unexpected scene she witnessed. Completely clapping her hands, she withdrew tremblingly into the garden.

In a few moments afterwards, Gabriella and Leonie followed the frightened girl into the pillowed hall before the house. Leonie was silent, earnest and embarrassed; with a forced smile he addressed the Lady Leonie von Urmung. Gabriella, with crimsoned cheeks, rapt, illumined eyes and heaving breath, sat silently apart.

The Countess was expected to join them; in the meantime none of the three knew what to say or do. Each of them was occupied with their own thoughts. The Countess breaking the silence, said:

"Why are you so deathly pale?" to Leonie.

"And you so glowing red?" inquired the young lady in return.

Gabriella blushed still more deeply. Her eyes wandered around as if in search of a reply in the air, or as if she had not heard the question.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Confidential Conversation.

The walk was not taken; the Countess begged to be excused for that time; he had deeds and letters to be looked over from the capital. The rest appeared to be out of humor. The Minister took possession of Leonie, Gabriella returned to her room. Leonie sought to divert her mind by various little occupations, and when she found that she could not succeed, she hastened to the Countess to give her her company, or perhaps convince her a still greater service.

Gabriella sat at her fine piano, playing her favorite air—"Dolce Speranza mia"—that Leonie always accompanied with his agreeable tenor. At Leonie's entrance she arose gaily and cried:

"Good, my bonnelle, that you do not forsake me! I may not read, do not care to play, or commence embroidery. What shall we do with ourselves until dinner time?"

"Your ladyship, do you command—" said Leonie respectfully, but was not allowed to conclude her sentence, for the hand of the countess was quickly placed upon her mouth.

"For shame, Leonie! Do you wish to make me angry? or have you again forgotten that with you in Lichtenheim—"

"I have forgotten nothing, dear countess; but because you forgot, though only for a moment, forgot that you—that you—"

"How? what have I forgotten against you?"

"Not against me, but against yourself," replied the daughter of the Minister, and she added in a lower tone:

"Do not be angry. It was an accident; no one, fortunately, has seen only I—when on the stairs—"

Leonie ventured not to proceed. Gabriella flushed crimson and gave her friend a slight tap on the cheek as she said:

"Prying and roguish eye! Well, how could I help it? I missed a step and fell toward him. It was a pure accident, of course, nothing more. Better with him than another stranger, or that I should have fallen headlong and been crushed; only accident and chance."

"A double one, it seems," said Leonie, who could not refrain from laughing at the explanation. "You fell toward him. Even that is the most important point in the case. You fell, perhaps, quite willingly, and Harrington—may I say it?—most gladly caught what I fear he has long since held captive."

"You are a naughty girl, Leonie; the worst of tormenting spirits! I would like to punish you. Of course, in my first fright I clung to him; he was compelled to sustain me. I know not how I felt. I was in a state of bewilderment. The occurrence is vexatious, I confess; let us say no more about it, my love. For the rest—and why should I deny what you acknowledge yourself?—Harrington is without a most retiring, amiable man."

"Oh, be still, be still, Countess! If Prince Louis heard you, and knew all, all!"

"Can I help it? He may know all. So much the better if the Prince has never done worse than that. They say the best of him; but this is always done of princes, if they are only tolerable. If they were silent about him, or made excuses for him, he would be a worthless being, though it was never said. But I do not know my Prince. His letters? They are the customary sweet things. His portrait? Well, he looks quite agreeable in the blue uniform with its rich embroidery of gold, with the ribbon and great silver stars upon his breast. But such unseen *amant sylphs* do not cause hearts to throb."

"It would, my lovely Countess, be far different, I presume, if our American were Prince Louis himself, in disguise."

"That romance would please me, indeed! But, alas, Leonie, romances are not enacted in courts; only political traffic is there carried on. We poor creatures are a court fabric, that belong to the State until it barters us off profitably and conveniently. We poor girls may possess everything but a heart. You, dear Leonie, are more fortunate than I. You are permitted to choose amid your admirers. Every peasant maiden is free and rich in the rights denied to us, and therefore is more to be envied in her coarse woolen frock, than we are in satin and velvet, brilliant laces and jewels. The lords of the throne sometimes form moribund marriages—but we!"

"No, dearest Gabriella, you must not speak so. Honor your exalted position; Providence has given you, from your birth, privileges and endowments beyond the millions; you must offer a sacrifice for the good of millions. And who can tell whether this very sacrifice will not prove the blessing of a life to you?"

"Oh, my good Leonie! Of what value are a thousand preferences and privileges for one heart that we would win? The happiness of a life, Leonie! It is possible. But an ocean of pleasant possibilities weighs not in the scale as does one drop of glorious certainty. Happiness in courts! Happy royal marriages—how rare!"

"Perhaps, dearest Countess, no rarer to be met with than in lowlier stations."

"I allow myself to doubt a little; there, at least conjugal affection is not considered ridiculous; there the expression of natural feeling is not viewed as unbecoming. We of the court belong, on account of our position, to an unnatural state, that bears within itself the penalty of its sins. Remember, Leonie, how your brother related to us the other day, of the number of princes who were insane or idiotic, and of the sorrowful fate of several princesses of our time."

"Do not grow melancholy, I entreat you, my beautiful Gabriella. The serious expression does not become your face at all."

"Between ourselves, Leonie, I tremble for Prince Louis and myself."

"So you can tremble before empty possibilities? Why not smile in the face of a joyful future? Quick, let me see you laugh again! Only, I implore

you, if I shall not myself tremble for you, have more care and caution in the presence of the dangerous American. Do not, for heaven's sake, betray yourself to him, or to any one else. What consequences would—the thought alone makes me giddy! Even my brother does not seem to be without certain suspicions that trouble him."

"Nonsense!" said the countess, smiling, and she took Leonie's arm. "What do you fear? Hear me: Harrington pleases me, it is true; but more than that? Not at all. It is true the scene on the staircase vexes me. I forgot myself a little. I felt wonderfully. I cannot explain it in words. But where is the sin? In a few days he will depart from Lichtenheim. Well, we will desire him a happy journey. My station and his are too unequal, and our acquaintance too recent, that—"

A young waiting maid entered at the door, and announced that another guest, the Count von Wabern, had arrived.

"That is the very thing!" cried the countess, jumping up in sudden grief. "An indemnification! Shall we see to our toilet before we receive him?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DISAPPOINTED VISIONARY.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Once on a time (as fairy legends say), There was a man who dreamed his hours away. With idle hands and idly scheming brain; He thought great honor and great worth to gain.

The obscure glimmerings of his own vain mind He deemed the splendor of all spheres combined; His listless indolence was but the state In which the gifted sons of Genius wait.

For the descent of ideal power and glory Which link immortal names to picture, song, or story. He sighed and longed for fame, and fortune, too, But never seemed to think that he had sought to do.

Unmindful that the righteous way to ask Is duties to perform each day's appointed task— To seek in earnest work the sacrament of use, Which can alone absolve from folly and abuse.

This would be sage and seer, one summer's day, Strolled out to while superfluous time away. Fair was the scene to which his footsteps strayed, Beneath a grand old forest's ample shade.

No dwarfish shrubs obstructive marred the beauty of the bowers, But verdant tapestry decked the ground, starred with sweet wilding flowers;

A silver streamlet here and there flicked with delicious blue, Showed where the sunny azure gleamed the leafy arches through.

Our weary dreamer sat him down beside the brooklet's brink, With fingers to his forehead pressed, he then began to think— And whispering to himself, he said, "O how I long to share

Such state majestic, as they say the heavenly angels wear— To robe me like illustrious kings, with sunlike countenance,

To be almost a god, and wield the lightning for a lance." But here, with an entrancing power that held him like a spell,

A hymning rapture seemed to float from some melodious shell; The forest seemed to melt away in clouds of rainbow light.

And near him stood a glorious form, arrayed in shining white; Upon his arm the bright one held a mantle of pure gold.

But flexible as the softest fleece on lambskins of the fold— And in his hand he bore a crown, the palest of whose gems

Would shame the proudest jewel set in earthly diadems. He spoke, and through the listener's soul the silver accents thrilled.

They seemed the essence of sweet sound from heavenly song distilled: "I am thine Angel-Guardian, sent to teach thee Wisdom's plan.

The gifts thou covetest, I bring! Come, gird thee like a man. Unto thine eager palms I give this crown—its brilliance note—

This mantle (sure a regal gift) shall from thy shoulders float." But when the mortal touched the crown its fires of beauty died!

A dull and leaden rim he grasped and could see nought beside! The kingly mantle, too, hung down in limp and scanty folds—

While not a threadbare fibre now its recent richness holds! Dismayed, he cried in passionate grief, "What sight is this I see?

Take back the gifts, oh, Angel bright—they cannot shine for me!" The Angel took the robe and crown. The golden tresses returned—

While in the gems the lucid fires with tenfold lustre burned. Sweet tears of pity dimmed his eyes—he said, "Be not afraid,

But hear the truth; thine own weak heart hath thy fond hopes betrayed; Within the clasp of vain desire no blest fruition lies—

Thou first must win ere thou canst wear the splendor of the skies. Work, work while it is called To-day; the Night comes darkly down.

Thou canst not reap on heavenly plains what here thou hast not sown. This garment's golden texture grew from goodness in the life

Of one who nobly bore the heat, the burden and the strife. This coronet of countless cost, was wrought from loving deeds

And holy thoughts that ministered with joy to others' needs— Of patient meekness that could bear but never practice wrong!

That stood for Justice and for Right, and loved and suffered long. Celestial jewels never yet on Pride's haught brow were seen;

The self-adorer, in Truth's light, is wretched, poor and mean. Abandon folly's path this hour; and seek, on bended knee,

The grace and strength that God alone hath power to grant to thee." One moment and the wondering man stood, saddened and alone—

The pure, benignant face and form were from his vision gone.

With tender heart and clearer head he went upon his way.

And holier aims and nobler life he sought than that bright day.

Original Essays.

THE UNION

A Union of the People in Perpetuity.

BY HORACE DERREK, M. D., LL. D.

At this time of bloody conflict which owes its origin to those political agitations, strifes of parties, and civil dissensions, which were the harbingers of Secession, it may not be without benefit to look for a moment at a point of difference between the First General Government, under the Articles of Confederation, and the Second General Government, under the present Constitution—a point which forever puts at rest the insane assumptions of the South. It would seem that events are testing the material of which the National Government is composed. A touch-stone has been applied of such potency, that its elements and their specific gravity are now being ascertained. Though the fabric of our national organization has felt the shock of fratricidal forces, we trust it will stand firmly as before, and that the record of its destruction shall never find place on the pages of its history. Let us analyze a little.

This nation commenced its existence under the name, style, or title of *The United States of America*. These were the words used to designate the first organization of the Thirteen States formed out of those Colonies which, in their corporate character, seceding from the British Crown, declared their independence of Royal Rule. The language was well adapted to enunciate the idea, which was that of a Confederation of States, unshorn of a single corporate right—a league of Sovereign Powers—a union of Republics—an association of Independences—an aggregation of Nationalities—each retaining its sovereignty, freedom, and independence; each continuing to exercise every power, jurisdiction and right belonging to it, and not alienated by it; each remaining geographically distributed and separate in all their political divisions and territorial domains. The title which was taken to distinguish the new government, never once contemplated anything but an association of bodies politic or commonwealths, into which was absorbed the individual man, who became lost in the aggregation of all the men residing within their respective boundaries. The style simply looked at an alliance of Republics and not of the people of which they were composed—a fraternity of States, and not of the persons dwelling therein—a union of distinct political communities in severalty, and not a union of the people thereof integrally. The name chosen was most apposite and significant. It carried the idea of a supervisory archbishop, wherein the people should be barred of any direct agency in the choice of those who should exercise power, or who should engage in the administration of affairs, having solely for its foundations the several associated States in their corporate capacity and relations, and always acting through their respective delegates.

Under the Government bearing this name, the people, for all political and practical purposes whatsoever, were simply inhabitants of these independent States, or diminutive communities, having no national or common citizenship, each independency, or State, of right and in its own right, being sovereign and self-existent; each exercising, solitarily and by itself, the functions of Government; each, in fact, being a Republic. True it is, they acted together, confederated, and formed a firm league of friendship, but not, however, as persons and as related citizens of one indivisible population derived from all these different embodiments of personality. Indeed, the Articles of Confederation which inaugurated the Government adopting this title, were so framed that in all their doings and relations with each other, these Republics should preserve their state individuality, and keep unimpaired the several sectional boundary lines which marked the old established districts. The Republics in alliance under these Articles of Confederation, were, as their corporate name declares, the United States of America—and nothing more than States united in a firm league of friendship. They were neither a popular nor a political unit in national administration. Their title is no misnomer—it harmonizes with the political Establishment.

If the above be a correct outline of fact, it is plain to see that a State, under the Confederation, or First General Government, might secede or retire from the association; withdraw its fellowship; might recall its words of friendship; might dissolve its alliance. The States corporately, not the people of the States, were the high contracting parties to the Articles of Confederation. But under the Constitution which followed, it is otherwise—here the States are inactive and silent, and the people of the States act and speak; but they neither make contracts nor compact with one another, as did the States in the Confederation—they themselves, the eternal primates of sovereignty and political power, seen and felt in the last analysis of society, for themselves and for their posterity, do ordain and establish the Constitution. We, the people, not the States; the whole population, not a fraction of it—must be consulted in the matter of the support of the Constitution. The government of the Confederation was the property of the States—the government under the Constitution, is the property of the people of all the States, held by them as citizens of that government, in joint tenancy or tenancy in common. The nature and principles of the national government under the Constitution, preclude the idea of secession from allegiance and obligation to its behests. Under the Constitution it is the citizen who owes allegiance—not the State. Allegiance withheld, withdrawn, or forsworn, accompanied with overt acts, places the citizen in the category of traitor, rebel, or revolutionist. How can a citizen secede—how can he cast off allegiance? We see but two ways by which the citizen of the United States can be relieved from his famed or real grievances under the Constitution, and not depart from the country—the one by amendment of that instrument—the other by abolishment of it by revolution and war upon the government. May we not justly affirm that what is called and known today as secession, is but another name for revolution and war against the Federal Government.

We have said that the States under the First General Government, were neither a popular nor a political unit in national administration. Now just the reverse of this is true of them under the Constitution. Hence it is that we object to the national name. Why was the name of the old Confederation of States, into which never entered the idea nor the fact of popular apportionment and representation,

only signifying a union of States and not a union of the people, that more perfect union, which, it is declared, was the object to form by means of the Constitution—given to the new Constitution? We adjudge it to be a misnomer, since it has not a true correspondence with the subject to which it has been applied, and since it fails to express the elemental, popular, or democratic idea. It is the old label applied to a new and different article. Are we not taught that it is wise to put new wine into new bottles?

We have shown, it is hoped, that the Confederation prior to the Constitution, was a union of republics—that subsequently and under its auspices, it has been a Union of the People. Such distinction is recognized by that instrument itself—its preamble plainly indicates such intention—and it is proper, in the search after its aims and purposes, to receive its own words in evidence; they must be a safe exponent in the matter of its meanings. In limine, it declares itself to be the ordinance of the People, to establish, among other things, a more perfect union than that which preceded, and which it manifestly seems to confess, fell far short of perfection—under a new government to be conducted according to its provisions, superseding all the old forms and the accustomed routine of the State-alliance of 1778. Notwithstanding such a radical change in the nature of its being as well as in its movements, its old title, as we have seen above, was retained—an inconsistency, when it is considered that the Thirteen Sectionalities, with all their territorial appurtenances, became an integer, and thus made up one grand nationality, giving a happy illustration and beautiful significance to the motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*.

A few thoughts aside from the path indicated by our heading. It is to be regretted that when there was so favorable a conjuncture of circumstances as occurred at the formation of the Constitution, the occasion was not seized upon by the people to give a name to the nation significant or appellative, either in respect to the discoverer of their country, or in respect to the chieftain of their armies and principal of their councils. They knew that the name of the adventurous navigator of the Great Sea and discoverer of this Continent, ought to have had place on the entire surface of the Western World, from the cliffs and headlands that line the restless waves of the Atlantic, to the shores that stretch along the gentler waters of the Pacific Ocean. But it did not commend itself to them as the proper name of the nation. The national name is now not only a misnomer, but devoid historically and heroically of a single idea that carries with it great things and great events. It is significant only of a firm or co-partnership of districts of country, called States! These states themselves have mostly meaning names—names significant of something in history, geography, or biography.

But what the forgetful people of these republics failed to do in the Constitution, was done in the Columbiad, by a mindful citizen of the world-wide Republic of Letters. All honor to the patriot poet! Poetry, more just and liberal in its contributions to the shrines of greatness than patriotism, has decreed that this nation shall be called COLUMBIA. Poetry has applied a proper patronymic—pity that it or another of equal aptness may not be applied by Patriotism.

The people know also of one living in their midst whose modesty was too great, perhaps, to admit of a constitutional expression of their desires in giving his name to the nation. Its paternity certainly is conceded by all history, and constant acknowledgment. The world has conferred the immortal honor and dignity of *PATER PATRIE*, on WASHINGTON, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. Why, then, should not the people of this nation transfer that name to their nationality, and it henceforth be called among the nations of the earth after its Great Father?

Where is the bold and persevering man of this age of great events and great achievements, who will undertake to convince the people of the justice and propriety of a change in the national name; and that hereafter it should be known by that of him to whom the nation is more indebted than to any other man for its independence and place among the governments of the world—or that of him who discovered this Western Continent? It is easy of accomplishment, if the people will avail themselves of the opportunity. It is easy to fancy with what enthusiasm they would hasten to cast their votes for such change of name. If the strange and stirring events of to-day shall eventuate in a remodeling or amending of the Constitution and a strengthening of their government, we pray that the future national name may be identical with that of one of the heroes we have mentioned.

Would not the adoption of such national name be better, would it not be speedier, and would it not carry with it more honor to the memory of the exalted patriot or great discoverer, than the erection of statues of brass or monuments of stone? Before that pile in the Capital City which bears one of these illustrious names, can be completed, such imperishable monument as that now proposed, may be built without the cost of one dollar in addition to the current expense of legislation, and without the sound of a single implement of labor!

Antiquity furnishes an illustrious instance of a nation bearing a name derived from its founder. Through the centuries that have been noted on the calendar of time, Rome, ancient and modern—Rome, monarchical, republican, imperial and papal—Rome, in all its permutations of form of government and policy of administration—Rome, in all its transmutations of systems of religion—has stood a majestic monument to the name of a nursing, the real or fabled Romulus, fostered by a boat of the forest on the banks of the Tiber, in after days in his manhood, to lay there upon its Seven Hills the foundations of the Eternal City—the seat of Roman Empire!

But enough concerning the nature of the Union and the name of the nation. We had hoped never to see the severance of those ligaments which bound together these States. But notwithstanding the folly and wickedness of secession, which has cost the nation so many valuable lives and so much treasure, we confidently hope to see them brought into a perfect union and harmony of feeling and of action, restored once more to peace in all our borders, and the nation prosperous and happy.

"Madame," said a doctor one day to a mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "The ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a lovely, happy, uniformly good child?"

The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question; and then replied simply and beautifully, "Why? God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

Religion, especially, is that which lifts you above the mood of condemnation and bitter reproach, by teaching that men are not made judges of each other, but are all alike to be judged by God. If men do not

follow the path of duty, the penalty is their own, and it is not your office to inflict it, and God's purpose in religion is not to denounce eternal woe against the erring, but to set up a balustrade, a citadel of refuge, to which all weary feet shall turn, and where all weary hearts may lay down their burdens. Remember this purpose of inspiration. Keep it constantly before your minds, and know that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and his spirit is ever around you to inspire you with new hope and vigor—his influence, like a bright and shining light, is ever upon your pathway, guiding you to a higher and happier destiny.

Father, who art the Saviour, Guide and Director of thy children forevermore, oh bless them with that consciousness of thy life which shall forever hold them nearer to thee, strengthen and uplift the faltering and the fallen, and give them to know thee as thou art. Amen.

A PLEA FOR THE WORKING WOMEN.

An Address by Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lyceum Hall, Sunday Evening, April 27th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The announcement of the subject of the discourse to-night drew together a crowded house. The lecturer chose for her text the thirty-ninth verse of the ninth chapter of Acts: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

She said: A thought consumed me, the effort of every human soul. The earnest and ambitious youth, man in his maturity, or the aged traveler journeying down into the valley of life—everywhere the desire of the soul is to make its thought tangible—make its thoughts appear before the eyes of the world as living things. Just so far as this is done, the soul feels its purpose to be consummated; and it can look down from the after heights of life and glance over its works. And this good Dorcas had devoted all her thoughts and ideas to a living purpose. She had made garments for the poor. And this was the noblest and eloquent outgathering of the woman's heart. Well may the world weep when such women are taken from its midst. Such were the testimonies of her, from the poor widows and orphans whose lives it had been her mission to bless. She was evidently a working woman. She did not carry out the old proverb concerning women, but made her life redolent with a purpose that sanctified her work.

We have said before that this age was most emphatically a working age. We said this not to add a few more words to our speech, but because the truth is upon you. You are called upon to be Dorcas in your age—to make garments for the poor. The time has come for action, and the angels have already put in your hands the work for you to do.

One year ago the battle cry went up and down in the length and breadth of your land. Women who never worked before, had a chord touched in their natures, which gave the ready response. Here was the occasion placed before the working women of America, and most nobly did they respond. While the ministers were preaching in their pulpits, the women were preaching with their needles. Not many stopped to inquire who should wear the garments. They were for the general good. Did they lose sight of the spirit by their labor on the Sabbath-day? There were maidens who never knew what it was to fashion a garment before, but they worked and labored on, even as Dorcas did. But wherever there is a glorious deed once performed, the reward follows closely after, when it is not thought of nor wished for. This deed of the working women of New England, and of the North, was prompted by the earnestness of love and sympathy, and it will come back to the working women again, paying them a glorious interest.

The working women of America! Our souls thrill with pride as we speak of them! Ours is a democratic country, and women have more rights and a higher degree of respect shown them than in any other country, and man gives them a nobler position than any other nation does. Yet it is not enough. They need something more. What plea have you to make for them? We cannot speak for all—there are those beyond our prayer. In other nations, women are made mere drudges—the slaves of the community; and the women of America can readily understand the result of this, in her own sphere. Woman's work is never done. A man may labor through the day, and in the quiet of the evening, sit down and read his paper, or visit the reading-room, or the club; but woman, with her weak nature, must still toil on, in the conduct of her domestic affairs.

We do not desire to speak of woman in any public relation, or in the disparagement of man. We would not ask for her the right to vote, or to engage in public political conflicts. But, laying that aside, there is another point; that, as mother of the human race, only as she is placed in her true position, can the race be advanced. No man can work for the elevation of woman, but he makes himself nobler and truer—he is twice the man he was before.

It would seem almost as though the old heathenish idea was true, because it would appear to have been the choice of woman to keep the position of an underling or slave—that she was made for the soul of man, and not her own. But in weakening woman, man injures himself. Man is nobler than he supposes, and ought to have a better reputation than he has. It is not the fault of man, but principally the fault of woman that she does not live out her true womanly nature. There is nothing but she can have, if she really wants it. Woman occupies an exceedingly responsible position; and she has just to appeal to man's generous nature to receive all that is due her, for no man could refuse. Yet much is the fault of her teachings, her education and surroundings. The New England mother says to her daughter, "With all thy gettings, get married. Marry a good man if you can, but by all means get married." This is the fault in all countries. A genial German writer regrets this sentiment in his own country.

Oh, says Richter, that women should be so cheap—should stand like slaves upon the matrimonial block. Women say we must, do this or become old maids! The term of contempt which is so often applied to the noblest souls in the world! And if you did indeed become such? Would you become a slave, and sacrifice your highest nature—the purity of your truth—rather than remain unmarried, but noble in your own soul, and true to yourself?

There are always martyrs in every good cause. If a few women would dare stand up and glory in being old maids, we could secure for the rest purity of character. The men would obtain nobler wives, and children better mothers. Unborn generations appeal to you to be true to your nature—to the purity of divine truth within you. See to it that you are true to your divinity, and that when old age comes on, and the hour of the mighty change draws near, you can calmly and gloriously advance to meet it; and no more glorious and beautiful being shall be seen than the woman who has lived true before God, and it shall lead her to the union above, with the high ideal it was not her lot to meet with in the earth sphere.

Look at the American women! They are more favorably situated than others, yet we must make a plea for them—a plea to man, in behalf of the laboring women. Here is perhaps a secret cause of the feeling among women, leading them to accept the first eligible offer in marriage, for husbands are thought to be exceedingly rare; and unless you bear the name of married woman, you cannot escape the slur which would be thrust upon you. The New England girl seeks marriage, instead of love—seeks it to save her

from a worse fate. Her nervous system is exhausted by toiling from morning till night, and often from night till morning again. Because the recompense of her labor is so small, she must labor the harder and longer to make up the deficiency. It is not so with man. Now give a woman such recompense for her labor that she will make herself comfortable. Woman will be more careful for the saving of money than man is, and she will not accept of any offer of marriage that may be placed before her, for she will not need it as a refuge from her severe labor. She will be more particular in her choice. She will say to the man who offers himself—"Can you strengthen and elevate me? Have you a mind I can look up to?" Instead of asking "How much does your purse weigh?" Man will then be obliged to elevate himself, and become wise and manly, in order to make himself fit to be husband to the girls of New England.

It is a most notorious fact that a man can marry at almost any age of life, because of the inequality of circumstances between the sexes; but give woman like opportunities for labor, and pay her as much for her labor as you pay man, and you will find she will not look upon herself as being so very cheap. It is declared that until a woman is twenty-five, she is always wondering who will marry her, and after that she wonders who will marry her. Let woman have at twenty-five an occupation, and be useful. Pay her for her labor the same as you would pay your son for doing the same labor. Let every woman think as much of her daughter, and demand as much for her as she does for her son, and at the age of thirty-five or forty she will become so interested in life she will not throw herself away upon any adventurer who may offer himself.

Let woman be as much a subject of legislation as man. You go into the halls of legislation, and make laws limiting the time of his labor; but who ever heard in any legislative body of a plea being made for woman—of an act limiting her to ten or fifteen hours' employment per day? She might labor till midnight and rise before the sun shows its first ray in the east—might be compelled to, to cope with the meanness and selfishness of her employer, and what legislative body would ever hear of it? There are women in this city who are obliged to work fifteen hours out of twenty-four, and then get barely enough to starve upon! Oh, I am speaking for myself—from my own experience, aided by my angel teachers, and they have brought to me woman after woman—strangers to me, who have come for my woman's sympathy and what advice I might be able to give them.

Six or eight weeks ago, one of this kind came to me. She told me her story. She had had work where she had been able to earn barely enough to support herself. She was now out of employment, and could get nothing more to do. What should she do? "I have no friends," she said, "in the great city; and there are so many waiting and willing to work for less pay." She smoothed back her hair from her forehead, her features expressing the determination of fate, and said: "Now I tell you what it is; I must live, and can live in this way no longer. Now I am going to be a prostitute! Do you blame me?" I would fain have answered her, but the words died on my lips. What would you have said? You may misjudge me for my silence, but before God and the angels I had no word to say!

Such things are occurring in your midst every day. A widow lady came to me a few days ago with her story. Said she: "I had a very dear husband. He was the pride of my life, and cared for me tenderly, and always anticipated every wish. After he died, I was wronged of all my property, and now I have come here with the intention of taking boarders; but my friends discouraged me, and I have been unsuccessful. What shall I do? If I go to the army contractor, I cannot earn enough for my needs, and should get deeper and deeper into debt and despair."

I believe I have a true woman's heart in my bosom. I told her what I would do. Gold and silver I had none, but a tongue had I, and I resolved to plead for such suffering hearts, and put all my vigor into the work. I would not get up an institution for outcast women, but an institution in men's hearts, and make them go to the oppressed women and lead them out into freedom. I could not make a fall from purity and chastity necessary, before I would give them employment at some light, healthy labor where their task might be appreciated and their health conserved, such as has been proposed by Miss Hardinge for outcast women—a horticultural home. There are kind-hearted women who will give their suffering sisters good advice—tell them to walk in the path of virtue, even though they envy the lot of prostitutes, as better than their own.

But when the good in human hearts is appealed to, when custom and legislation are appealed to, there will be a system of equality instituted, and men and women will both be made better, and better children will be the result of the marriage relation.

Do you not know that we are speaking here to-night for you, wives and daughters? You do not know what changes of fortune may come to you. Though to-day you may dwell in plenty, you may yet have to plead and pray for employment, and ask, "What shall I do?"

All my experience is not yet told. A face as fair as the angels' came to me, and unfolded the burden of her sorrows. She said, "I have labored on and on, and now I can have no more work. There was a strengthening spirit in the form of a woman, who has done much for me, but as she can do little more, I am unwilling to burden her further." She looks into my eyes as if to read my soul. "What would you say if you were in such a state, and one should come to you and offer you a home and a competence in every way, and yet with such conditions as any virtuous woman would shrink from—what would you do?" I was dumb in reply. Our natures are different; but I don't know but I should curse the Almighty—call upon Satan to aid me, and bidding defiance to society, plunge into the deepest hell.

Go to your police reports, and what do they say? About three thousand prostitutes are in this city, and of these, two thousand belong to the higher classes in society, but one thousand are driven to that course of life by stern necessity. I know what woman's heart is, and women often receive a lower return for true love. I know woman wants a home, and the associations of life. She sees society is arbitrary in its demands, and she resolves to do the best she can, against all the obstacles society, capital, education and her surroundings have thrown in her way. And who wonders that she sometimes falls?

Men, go forth as active workers in the cause, work for the elevation of your daughters, your sisters, and those who may yet become their wives! Look to it, that the Army Contractors do not take from the brains and nerves of the girls they employ, the amount the new tax bill takes from their incomes. Learn, too, that the elevation of woman is not your own belittling, but your strength and dignity is increased with that of the weaker sex. How will the working women of America feel when their fathers, husbands and brothers fall upon the field of battle, and they are left alone in the world? What will become of them? Surely the tone of public morality must fall, unless something is done to avert the calamity which is ready to fall upon their devoted heads! Be it your aim, then, in some way to protect woman in her rights of compensation. Let it enter into your legislation, if necessary. Let your legislators be men who understand the wants of those they represent, instead of political stock-jobbers, in whose hands you too often entrust the responsible duties of legislation.

Oh, men of to-day, how much you have in your power to do for the future of the human race, in stretching forth your hands to the poor weak race of woman! Give a poor woman a sewing machine, and you lay up treasures in heaven. They make just dividends up there, and they who lay up treasures there, get back great gains. Give woman a just recompense for her labor, and you wrong no one, while you do incalculable good.

Not a day passes but some suffering sister calls upon me, and I have resolved to make my plea in their behalf. It is all I can do. I am a poor, weak woman, and I cannot control the wealth of the world; but I feel I am willing to sacrifice the little moiety of life I have, in the service of my sex. Can there not be a plan established for the benefit of the working women? It is for you, men of America, to make reply.

I have made my appeal. I have plucked the seed, and may it sink deep in your hearts. I water it with my tears, and leave it to God to give the increase!

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

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The Use of Hindrances.

If we would look at it as it really is, we should find that what we esteem obstacles, hindrances, and perplexities, are but so many friends and helpers in our life-career, giving us hints that are of the very highest value. They say the sandal-wood tree does not give forth fragrance until it is wounded with the axe, and that the flower emits its highest perfume only when crushed; and it may be so in human character, in its growth and development. Certain it is, at any rate, that the spirit could not progress in this sphere, save as it has its opportunities to operate upon something. Now the occurrences of everyday life furnish these opportunities; they are the material forces that alternate; they act upon the spirit, and are acted upon; they are the expressionless marble block, which the soul chisels until form and living features are made to appear. We might as well think we could walk on the air, as to think we can get forward without the aid of these nameless and numberless hindrances on which to rest our spiritual natures until the next step in the ascent is taken.

There is a very suggestive article on this identical subject, in the May number of the Atlantic Monthly. The writer advances many striking if not new thoughts, and in a manner like the following: "Observe then," says he, "that objects which so utterly submit themselves to man as to become testimonies and publications of his inward conceptions, serve even these most exacting and monarchical purposes only by opposition to them, and, to a certain extent, in the very measure of that opposition. The stone which the sculptor carves, becomes a fit vehicle for his thought through its resistance to his chisel; it sustains the impress of his imagination solely through its unyieldingness to receive the same. Not chalk, not any loose and friable material, does Phidias or Michael Angelo choose, but ivory, bronze, basalt, marble. It is quite the same, whether we seek expression or uses. The stream must be dammed before it will drive wheels; the steam compressed, ere it will drive the piston. In fine, Potentiality combines with Hindrance, to constitute active Power. Man, in order to obtain instrumentalities and uses, blends his will and intelligence with a force that vigorously seeks to pursue its own separate free course; and, while this resists him, it becomes his servant."

Well said. The statement alone is a volume of argument and persuasion. To the introverted eye, nothing every day becomes plainer and plainer than the fact that we advance by the force of resistance. We tread on the earth, and would fain push the planet itself behind us, in order to walk. Did we strike but the air when we make exertions, we should weary and exhaust all our force in doing nothing.

The same writer proceeds to ask a highly significant question or two, and then to answer it after his own thoughtful way. "What if it be true," says he, "that in trade, in politics, in society, all tends to low levels? What if disadvantages are to be suffered by the grocer who will not sell adulterated food, by the politician who will not palter, by the diplomatist who is ashamed to lie? For this means only, that no one can be honest otherwise than by a productive energy of honesty in his own bosom. In other words—a man reaches the true welfare of a human soul only when his bosom is a generative centre and source of noble principles; and therefore, in pure, wise kindness to man, the world is so arranged that there shall be perpetual need of this access and reinforcement of principle. Society, the State, and every institution, grow lean the moment there is a falling off in this divine fruitfulness of man's heart, because only in virtue of bearing such fruit is man worthy of his name. Honor and honesty are constantly consumed between men, that they may be forever newly demanded in them."

We have a conviction that God's purpose in creating the universe, with its populations, was to develop man; to bring out of matter such a form and structure, at length, as would readily marry with the divine Spirit; to put the world, in fact, to the highest spiritual uses. This planet of ours could not have been formed, merely that our changing social structures might work noiselessly and to a charm, since these are but conveniences and make-shifts, parts of the grand machinery by which man is advanced. Poverty, for this very reason, is better than riches, because it helps to develop a person's strength in resisting it and defending himself against its encroachments. Were it possible to attain to riches, to intelligence, or to virtue, without struggles almost innumerable, they would none of them possess the value in our eyes which they now hold, but would fall to a standard so low as not to be worth the trouble of our endeavor.

Why, then, shed tears over what we term obstacles? Why say, in consolatory phrase, that we must needs endure what cannot be helped? We would help nothing. All is right, as it is. The divine law, or arrangement, is so laid down as to produce the largest and most enduring results—not so as to make life easiest, and enable us to get through it with faculties untired and traits entirely undeveloped.

Putting Things off.

We read an article in the Amesbury Villager, recently, on the subject of Procrastination, that convinced us all over again, just as if we had never once thought of the matter at all, of the utter folly of putting off what we have once made up our minds to do. How few persons stop to think on what they lose out of their lives—solid, valuable junkies of time and power—by this inauspicious habit of waiting. Some say they wait for "the spirit to move," and some fear they may themselves move too soon; at any rate, it is certain that they who want an excuse for delay and inaction, always find one at their hands.

Of course, the thing to be done ought first to be duly considered, this way and that, on one side and the other. It is worse than not to start at all, to begin before the whole matter has been well and thoroughly thought upon; the energy to be expended has been weighed by the side of the work to be done, and the means wherewith the object is to be obtained have been duly compared with the results sought to be compassed. After that, it should be all direct and plain sailing.

A great many persons wait for the moment of inspiration or inspiration to come. In certain kinds of work, no doubt a proper margin is left for the play of the disposition; yet if this be heeded too much, we shall soon find that instead of being helped, we are only hindered. Dr. Johnson insisted, for instance, that a man could write as well at one time as another, if he would but set himself doggedly about it; if, in that case, the fit of inspiration was not on him, it would come with the industrious seeking for it. There is much truth in it, though it may not be wholly true. But in work that requires no such aid from inspiration, but only the earnest application of a stern and resolute will, no such excuse will avail. Then, the strength is increased by the efforts actually made with it. The less delay, the more efficacy, and besides, there is an addition of untold force in the simple reflection that we are on the way with our work, and that it is in process of being finally done.

To Think Of.

Did we but know and realize how direct and simple are the laws that govern our existence, as well as our relations to others, how easily we could extricate ourselves from the puzzled entanglements that often perplex and sicken us. If a man feels totally unstrung and nerveless, let him but go forth and find society for an hour or more with those in high health and with a decided surplus of physical force and energy, maintaining on his own part a perfectly passive and receptive condition of mind, and he will discover that a new stream of power has all the while been flowing into him, strengthening his nature with its fresh tides, and making a new man of him by degrees that to him were entirely imperceptible. It is on the same principle, precisely, that when one person, already exhausted and feeble, enters a room where another is sick and diseased, as in the case of a fever, he is quite sure to take that disease into his own organization and suffer equally, at least, with the other person by whom it was transmitted.

There is no mystery in this; it is as plain as if you hold out your hand to borrow money of your neighbor. The law of Give and Take runs steadily through all things. If you suffer from the lack of nervous energy, you may go anywhere and fill up the fountain again, merely drawing from such as chance to have the surplus and overmuch which they know very well how to spare. This may be practised at almost any time. Nature holds out her own efficient remedies for the cure of our various ills, if we will but seek them out and apply them in wisdom. The well can always be made; in this way, to aid the sick, and not feel it themselves, either; and so may the sick always reinforce their own vital lack, if they will but apply themselves as where the universal law directs them. These things are worth thinking of. Because they are so simple, and have nothing to do with minerals and boluses, it is no reason why they are not real and effective. Nature herself works in silence; her laws underlie; we must search for and obey them in silence and devotion, if we would secure the wealth of their continual benefit.

About Swearing.

We see, by the papers, that an Iowa regiment has agreed to adopt and establish a rule for itself, that whenever one of its members should be caught, or catch himself, using an oath, he should sit right down and read a chapter in the Bible, no matter whether a short or a long one. It is likewise reported that some of the members of the regiment have already got well along into the Old Testament, and promise fair to finish it before a great while. Shouldn't we be surprised at all; but then, there is another view of the matter, which people in a hurry do not so readily take. Lorenzo Dow said a good many times, since he left this earthly sphere for the spirit-land, that it was the pulpit that first taught the people how to curse, and we see no reason to dispute his assertion. A soldier of the Iowa Regiment in question, would, in fact, be likely to do more swearing, while reading the Old Testament through, than if he merely kept on with his original vocation. See how many times God is there represented as cursing his people, or the enemies of his people. (Where is harder swearing to be found than along through the old Hebrew books that record the changeable history of the little herd of people called Israel?)

Lieutenant Worden.

This gallant and unflinching man, who perilled his life in his notable encounter with the Iron-clad Merrimac, as commander of the Monitor, is once more brought personally before the public by a touching appeal made in his behalf by Edward Everett. He is nearly blind, and almost totally helpless, now. His pay is not sufficient for the exigencies of the present moment. He was the individual through whom it happened that the present great revolution in naval architecture was to be wrought. And now, in requital, in some sort, of the eminent services he has rendered his country, and to testify in some substantial manner their gratitude for his bravery and nobleness of character, it is asked of his countrymen, or so many of them as feel the wish to confer such a benefit, to contribute of their means for his relief and comfort. No doubt, there are thousands of his admirers who will be glad the opportunity has been offered them. The suffering Lieutenant, we hope, will feel how profound is the admiration and gratitude in which his character is held by the loyal part of the nation.

A Faithful Servant.

Bro. F. L. Wadsworth, to whose labors in the West we referred in a recent number of the BANNER, called upon us on Friday last, looking in better health than we ever remember to have seen him before. He has done a vast amount of good in the great Spiritual field, and is destined to do much more. He has made arrangements to lecture in New England during the summer months, and our friends, who have not already listened to him, will, when they hear him, acknowledge, we think, that he is one of the best inspirational speakers in our ranks.

New Publications.

CONSUMPTION: HOW TO PREVENT IT, AND HOW TO CURE IT. By James C. Jackson, M.D. Boston: B. Laverett Emerson.

A fine volume of some four hundred pages in this book of Dr. Jackson, upon a subject which long suffering and repeated griefs have years ago brought home in all seriousness to the minds of the people. The ability of the author as a writer and medical practitioner, is quite enough to secure for his latest volume an immediate and very wide circulation. The various chapters into which the work is divided, treat on such branches of his subject as these:—Why should persons die before their time? Consumption, what is it? Impairment of the constitution by drug-taking; Difference in age of Parents a Cause of the Consumptive habits of children; Predispositions to Consumption, growing out of the use of Unhealthy Food; Alcohol, and its influence in developing Consumption; Recreations and Amusements; The Influence of Unhappy Social Relations in predisposing persons to Pulmonary Consumption.

Dr. Jackson goes to his subject with bold front, confiding in his unquestioned array of facts, his intimate acquaintance with medicines and medical practice, and his ability to reason on these matters with the best of them all. He is remarkably dispassionate and clear in his statements, and his logic is as kindly persuasive as it is relentless. The body of his work is, after all, but a compendium of the facts he has diligently collected in his experience and observation. With quackery of both sorts, at either extreme of practice, he has no patience, but puts it aside with his unprejudiced statements and conclusive reasoning, as if it needed scarcely so much attention as that.

The general reader, whether single or married, will certainly find in these well-considered pages hints and ideas of which it is highly necessary that he should possess himself. How to preserve the health, to say nothing of securing accessions to it, every man is interested in knowing for himself; and Dr. Jackson has written on this subject to the ready comprehension of all intelligent and inquiring minds. We venture the assertion, that there would be far fewer cases of that fatal malady, called Consumption, did people inform themselves as they should, of the very simple laws by which the acquisition and keeping of the health are governed.

Looking Straight at It.

The South have begun to consider this troublesome matter of slavery, at last, for themselves. From being tender-toed and excessively sensitive upon it, they are becoming practical. They see that their pet institution has begun to totter under the heavy blows dealt out upon it by the leaders themselves, and attempt no longer to disguise their opinions. Nor is there any use in their so doing any longer: it is but a practical, every day question, which will have to be met by practical minds, in a calm and practical manner, and not in a frenzy and fever.

The Baltimore American recently contained a very significant article on the subject, which, from its surrounding circumstances, may be considered to be rather prophetic than otherwise of what is close at hand. That paper remarks, at the conclusion of a well-considered article, in the following style:

"That the loyal men of the nation will longer tolerate slavery as a 'political hobby' is not possible. It has to go to the wall, peacefully, if it will—forcibly, if it must; and those who debate its merits in future, even here in Maryland, will have to confine themselves to its pecuniary aspects. The 'precipitators' have pretty nearly precipitated it; have dragged it at last to the brow of a precipice, and it is idle to appeal to the truth. So far as the Constitution can be appealed to for its safety, it is for the present safe. But we hazard nothing in warning the people of Maryland to lose no time in considering the question presented by the President in his late message, and again presented from a high source in the letter we have given. Those most deeply interested as its defenders—the believers in the doctrine put forward by South Carolina, by Stevens and Yancey—may now, after the mischief is done here, fold their arms, throw themselves back on their dignity—their 'reserved rights'—and ignore what is impending; but the nation is aroused by an unprovoked war, the civilized world is aroused—according to the late declarations of Mr. Yancey himself—and none here need attempt to ignore facts so full of meaning."

Firing Guns under Water.

There is no end to modern invention. The war has been like steam pressure on the brains of inventive men, to make them more ingenious and cunning than ever. The last "winkle" is a plan for firing cannon under water, so as to hit the enemy's iron-clad arrangements just where they are vulnerable—to strike the Achilles in his heel. The inventor is a citizen of Boston—almost, of course. The vessel carrying the arrangement will manage to lay alongside her adversary, and pump into her at as close a range as she can secure. The cannon used are longer than common, but of the usual shape. The gun, when all ready, has a tin cylindrical case fitted closely to the muzzle, rendering the chamber airtight. When the piece is fired, the charge attains its full velocity before reaching the tin canister mentioned, and an effective shot may be made at a distance of two or three hundred feet. The gun is fitted into a stuffing-box, like a piston of a steam engine, and an automatic port-hole opens and shuts as the piece is run out or withdrawn. It is breech-loading, and can be fired once in three or five minutes.

A Real Lady.

This is the way the extra Southern ladies talk to our troops, when they get a chance, as reported by a Ball's Bluff prisoner. A negro on a mule, a man on a big white horse, and a large lady on a small, sleek horse, form the dramatic persons, on one side; on the other, is the file of prisoners taken at the battle alluded to. The lady speaks; "Is them the Yanks?" Then, in a louder and shriller voice—"Oh, if I had my way, I'd kill you, you bloodthirsty villains, you! You come down here to murder us, did you? What are you doing in that wagon, you sneaking Yankees? Can't you walk? I'd make you walk!" And so on, until the line had passed beyond the reach of her shrill and wicked voice. It is passing strange how very fierce and blood-thirsty the Southern women are, some of them; they beat the women of the French Revolution, quite, who used to take their knitting-work in the morning, and go and sit by the guillotine all day to see the havoc made by the glittering guillotine-blade with helpless human life. What can be expected of the men, when the mothers, the sweethearts, and the wives, are all so cruel and bloodthirsty.

Cats and Kittens.

"Timothy Titcomb," of the Springfield Republican, has been scribbling his sentiments on Cats and Kittens; all exceedingly pretty and natural, only he has a fling at their prospects of a life in another sphere. How does he know any more about it than anybody else? If human souls are deeply attached to cats, and dogs, and horses here, what is to out them off from the continuation of that same love hereafter? We have seen a lady, within a week, bitterly lamenting the violent death of a favorite pussy; would she think Heaven "just the place" for her, if she is to be told that when she gets there she must renounce and crucify a great many of her dearest and most delightful joys—the purest and most innocent her nature knows? "What comb" undertakes to say this? "Think of a living being with the love of offspring in her bosom, yet a multitude of marvellous instincts in her nature, yet knowing nothing of God, thinking not of the future, without a hope, or an expectation, or a desire, or a fear—passing straight on to annihilation!"

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 183 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, April 14.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions; Maria Lacy, New York City; David Wicthoff, Nashville, Tenn., to his wife in St. Charles, Texas; Bridget Maloney, to her children in Manchester, N. H.

Tuesday, April 15.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions; Samuel Merritt, Gloucester, Mass.; Thomas S. Skilton, Montgomery, Ala., to his uncle, Caleb Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

Thursday, April 17.—Invocation; Question and Answer; Minnie Dodge, to her mother in New York City; Michael Devine, of the New York Zouaves; Silas Pillsbury, Canton, Mass.

Invocation.

Spirit of Wisdom, Mercy and above all of Truth, be with us during the hour of our sojourn in the halls of mortality. We ask no special blessing to rest upon thy children, for we know that thou art continually blessing them. We ask only that thou wilt deal with them as seemeth right in thy sight, for we know that thou art a God of Justice and of Love, and wilt deal wisely and impartially with each one of thy children. And unto thee, oh Most Holy One, we will forever attune our harps of praise. Amen. April 8.

"What is Soul?"

We have this afternoon been called upon to define soul. Tell us what the soul is? Define it, that we may both know and understand it. We are powerless to answer it. The term soul, the external we may define, but the internal we cannot; you might as well ask us to define God. What is soul, but a portion of the Great Infinite mind, and as fathomless as the Great Divine centre himself. We stand in awe before it. We cannot define or measure soul. We can only approach it. Though we may shake hands with Deity, yet we may never know him. Though in communion with the Infinite, we are nevertheless ignorant of his true character. April 8.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—What is truth, and how can we be assured of it before God?

Ans.—Truth is one of the highest attributes of Deity. We may be assured of its presence by examining the mirror of your own lives, or in carefully studying your own souls. Truth is a portion of Divinity. We may know it with us, by seeking to understand the soul which God has entrusted to our earthly keeping. We may know when the Spirit of Truth approaches us, by the instinctive feeling of welcome which the soul extends to it.

No man or woman need deceive any one of you. Do you suppose there is deception practiced in the invisible world? No; and why not? Simply because the inhabitants of the spirit-world live only from the internal; while you in the objective world live from the external world, and in so doing, you warp your soul. Instead of going to any one around you for advice, you should consult the God of your own soul.

"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," says the God within. Instead of asking what will the God of our own soul say, it is what will the God of Popular Opinion say? You measure truth by the standard of worldly opinion, rather than by any soul estimate of your own.

The images of internal life are projected upon the external world, because the life flows from the internal. Here, then, is a grand change in the programme of life, when you shall cast off the garments of mortality.

Live, then, from the internal. Bring all that is brought to you from the external life, into the secret halls of your own soul, and there carefully weigh it, and thus and thus only can you measure truth.

As an individuality distinct from the one preceding me, I announce myself ready to answer your question.

Ques.—Will you explain the passage, "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, which is in heaven?"

Ans.—Who is the Son of Man and of God? Are not each and all, who are characterized by individual mortality, heirs of God and heaven? Have you not all come from the same source? Did you not come from the Eternal One? Certainly; and to that same source, then, you must all return, as you pass around the cycle of time. The Spirit of Wisdom desired to convey to the minds of all who listened, this idea: that all life sprang from the one source—that all were children of one common Father, and consequently must return to that Parent source, inasmuch as man is of himself a harmonious circle. You came from the centre, and must return to it. The seat of Divinity was placed upon Christ's being; even so it is upon yours. The stamp of the Almighty rests upon you all—no more upon Jesus, the Nazarene, than upon any one of you. We speak what we know, not testifying to belief. That Jesus was human as well as Divine, not only the record, but all Nature will tell you. That he was governed by natural laws while upon earth, like other human beings, all life, even from her lowest strata, will tell you. He was possessed of a body and was subject to the conditions of that body. He was no exception to the law of the Almighty, for the Almighty makes none. Jesus the Christ—pardon us for the assertion—hath been the idol of Christianity. Ancient heathenism bowed down to images of wood and stone. Christianity bows down before a spiritual and incarnate idol. Jesus as a spirit, desires it not. God speaketh to your nature, and tells you that you are only to bow before the God of your own comprehensive Deity; for whoever bows down to any other, is guilty of idolatry.

Ques.—Do spirits as personal beings have power to appear to each other in any other form than they do?

Ans.—They have, inasmuch as they are related to each other by certain forms and conditions of spiritual life. By each and every one they are known, and they have the power to take all these various forms and organizations upon themselves, at times suiting their own pleasure. They do this, by the power natural and divine to which they are loyal subjects. April 8.

Gen. Felix H. Zollicoffer.

I announce myself as a novice in the art of spirit-communion, and although I feel utterly unable to do even one half I might desire to, yet my desire to fulfil a promise I made some months prior to my change, overcomes all else and brings me among you who are enemies to me to-day.

I am well aware of the position I have and still do occupy, as well as that occupied by yourselves. It is not my purpose to discuss the merits of war, or talk of what I cannot avoid, but simply to fulfil my promise, and convince my friend of the superiority of spirit over matter. I perceive it to be the God of Creation, and all the lower orders of life seem to be subject to it.

When I made the promise to my personal friends to return to them, I supposed I could easily reach them in their own territory, without incense to others or myself. I did not suppose I should be obliged to cross the enemy's lines in order to do what I purposed.

I presume you'll set aside all party-feeling, and consider me as a spirit, and extend to me the privileges you would to friends. [We know no enemies here; this place is free to all.] Thank God, you have one free spot at the North; you boast of many.

Before entering into what I conceived to be the service of right, I made a promise to a few personal friends to this effect: Should I fall in battle, if the phenomena of Spiritualism were true, I would return and speak of that conversation. At that time we conversed upon the power of the spirit over matter, and I remember that one of the party considered matter to be superior to spirit. I speak of this that it may prove a test only to those whom I wish to commune with. Were I to go into all the minutiae and detail of our conversation at that time, it would prove uninteresting to you. I am here to deny the truth of my friend's assertion, and to declare that spirit is superior to matter. It is the controlling power of life; it is the life, for I, an imponderable spirit, have power to control and govern a foreign organism or body. Therefore, I know the ground upon which I stand.

I have a favor to ask of my friends. It is this: will they seek me out, or aid me in finding some person through whom I can commune with them, either speaking, writing, or manifesting myself in some other way. My name simply will be sufficient. Felix H. Zollicoffer. April 8.

Mary Louise Hawkins.

It is not to prove to anybody that I live, or any body lives, that I'm here to-day. They tell us of a world of peace and rest and happiness and heaven, but we find it not.

I've two children on the earth; to them, for them, I come. Some of my friends will tell you I abandoned them while here; they tell you lies. They were taken from me and put to service, and I when on earth had no means of knowing whether they went; but now I know, now I can see, now I have power to watch over and protect them from the evil which was their mother's ruin.

My name was Mary Louise Hawkins. I lived in New York City, and died in Mercer street. I was twenty-eight years of age at the time of my death. When quite young, I worked at what is called family service. I then went into one of your cotton mills, and from there went to hell. [In what place did you work?] In Manchester, Newburyport and Lowell; after that I went to New York. I've lived in other places, but most of the time there.

They said you were bound to help all who came here to find their friends, and I wish to go to my children. [Do you know where they are at present?] One is in Brooklyn, New York, the other is in Buffalo. [Do you know the names of the persons who have charge of them?] I don't know their names, but I know them, and they know me. All I ask is that which was denied me while upon earth—the privilege of watching over my children. They may think that I'm not a fit person to guide my children through life, and may fear that they will fall into the same evil course of life which their mother pursued. My God! I've seen enough of that myself to steer them clear from haunts of wickedness and sin. [Do you remember the names of your children?] Their names have been changed. They were once called Louise and Adelaide. No matter; the folks they are with know me, and all I ask is to be allowed to watch over my children. It's a simple request, and something they can easily grant, too.

The oldest child is near eight years of age, and the youngest about six. [Are they used well?] Yes, in one sense of the word they are, but they are brought up to curl the lip in scorn against such as their mother was. They are taught to believe that their mother lived and died any way but the right way.

I want my children to know the truth. Falsehood and deception never taught any one the path of life. It was by that I was led astray. If the haunts of sin and wickedness which ensnared me had been shown to me in all their hideous deformity, instead of covered with flowers, I should have turned shuddering from the sin which threatened to engulf me, and which at last wrought my ruin. Oh, terrible delusion!

There are souls who believe in the coming of spirits all around my children. Some of them know of my existence, though they don't know I'm dead. I ask them to help me in approaching my children. Shall I leave? [When you are ready?] Then I'm ready. I have no wish to linger here longer than is necessary. Patience died with me here; it's never been brought to life again. [Have you not been taught patience since you left here?] Yes, I have, but not by the people of earth. April 8.

Helen Onice.

My father said if I would come here and tell my name, age, when I died, and what I died of, and what was around my neck and buried with me, he should believe folks could come back. My name was Helen Onice. I was not called Helen, but Nelly. I was eight years old. I was born and died in Cincinnati, Ohio. I had a chain around my neck, made out of some gold beads, which were once my father's grandmother's. They were made over for me in a chain. It was my christening present. On the chain was a locket, and inside the locket was my baby's hair. It was in my coffin, and on my neck. Have not I told all he asked me to? [All but what disease you died of.] I don't know how long I was sick. I was crazy sometime. [Was it brain fever?] I don't know. I don't want to tell anything I don't know. [That's right. Can you tell me your parent's names?] My father's name was Charles, my mother's, Mary. I have two brothers living, Charles and Nathan. [How long have you been in spirit-land?] A year last March. Good-bye. April 8.

Invocation.

Almighty Sovereign of the universe, we petition thee this hour, in behalf of the widows and orphans of this American Continent. Oh, our God, the very air is filled with sorrow, mental as well as physical. Oh, most holy messengers of sympathy and love, who are continually coming to us from the spirit-world, we ask that ye draw near unto such as are afflicted, and do mourn the loss of kindred slain in battle. Teach them, ye invisible, that those loved ones they mourn as lost are not dead, save in flesh. That they have laid aside the soiled earth-robe for one of immaculate white; that, as disembodied spirits, they can return to earth, with messages of love and comfort to those who sorrow after them, and teach them these divine truths the knowledge of which shall make them the better prepared to join the loved ones in spirit-land. Oh, our Father, bless with an especial blessing thy children who are sorrowing at this hour, throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country. Pour into their bleeding hearts the oil of consolation, and teach them to look heavenward for those blessings denied them on earth. Oh God, bind up each wounded mother's heart. Comfort them, oh Lord, as thou alone hast power to comfort them. Let them not be like Rachel of old, continually mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Oh, our Father, when sorrow and misfortune overtake us, we momentarily lose sight of thee, forgetting that thou, oh Divine One, art hidden in the cloud as well as in the sunbeam. The while we sojourn in mortality we feel its weight, and while the aged spirit struggles for liberty, and longs to soar heavenward, a load of bodily cares fastens it down to earth. Our Father, we ask thee to bless all, both north and south, friend and foe, bond and free. And, oh our God, may the sorrowing children of earth, whose homes have been made desolate and lone by this unholy war, thank thee even in the midst of their affliction, remembering that it hath been written, "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and though the cloud rests heavily upon their hearts now, yet in due time God's own hand will dissipate it. Mighty Spirit of Truth, we ask power in behalf of the newly disembodied spirits that have so lately entered our home. Oh, give them that divine strength which shall enable them to return to earth, as guardian angels to poor, frail

mortality. Oh, our Father, give to each and all a messenger of power, that they may establish spiritual communion with the loved ones of earth. Light up the secret avenues of the hearts of such of thy children as are enshrouded in darkness, and lift their earth-blinded eyes from things material to objects celestial. Our Father, until, in the arms of thy love, and give them all those blessings which thou seest they need. Amen. April 10.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Is the moon inhabited, and do you spirits have access to it?

Ans.—The spirit is endowed with power by which it may penetrate all matter, all localities. There is no place in the spheres to which the spirit hath not access. The moon is indeed inhabited, but not by a race of beings similar to your own. They differ from you in form, character, and in all the attributes of intellectual life.

Q.—Do spirits of this earth communicate with those of other planets?

A.—In accordance with their relation or attraction to each other, spirits of one planet must naturally communicate with the inhabitants of other worlds, or spheres. In exact proportion to that relation, is their power of communion or correspondence. Sometimes it is quite perfect, sometimes very imperfect.

Q.—Is Mars inhabited by a race of beings like ourselves?

A.—As far as intellect is concerned, we will not dispute their resemblance to people of this planet, but as far as form or character is concerned, there must be a broad line of demarcation between the two races. The form human is not the only form that covers reason, intellect or Godlike divinity. April 10.

Taxation.

We are requested to give our views in regard to the tax about to be imposed by Government upon the people of the United States.

The inquiry comes to us from a source infidel to us. It may be well to here state that our questioner has no belief in the power of spirits to return and communicate with mortality. Nevertheless, he has sent this inquiry to the land of the invisible, and I, as an individual spirit, am both willing and ready to answer it.

Ques.—If spirits have the power to return and communicate their ideas to mortals, will they not come to your circle, and communicate to me their ideas in regard to the new system of taxation?

Ans.—This was the tone of the inquiry, sent up by an unbeliever in Spiritualism to the invisible world. In giving our views upon the subject before us, we shall be obliged to speak both briefly and plainly concerning a matter which is of vital importance to every citizen of the United States.

In the first place, then, we perceive that our questioner is strongly opposed to the proposed movement of government, in regard to taxation. We fear he has more of self in his composition, than a desire to promote the general good of mankind. He, like many others—whose chief aim in life has been the accumulation of money—has been glumming while political demagogues have been running away with the wealth of the country. He is not alone in this respect. There are thousands of his fellow-men who have allowed others to take their places at the polls, and all their seats in the Senate Chamber, simply through a disinclination to dabble in what they call politics. Ignorant and deluded men! They little realize that this disstate, upon their part, for performing what is nothing more nor less than their duty, gives villains the majority at elections, and places the government in the hands of a political clique, who, to subvert the interests of their own particular party, would not hesitate to break up the most glorious Republic the world ever knew.

In the second place, the Yankee thinks extremely well of his pocket, and to speak figuratively, often carries a multiplication table in the place where the heart ought to be. Touch his pocket, and you touch the Yankee's soul. It is the very key, by which you unlock the mysteries of his hitherto dormant nature, and force him to do his duty.—This system of direct taxation is to us, therefore, a thing of good, a something which will rouse men to a sense of duty and action.

When the Yankee's pocket is touched, he wants to know who has touched it. He will reason in this way, "if I give my money to the support of the general government, I want to know what kind of a government it is, that I am upholding and saving from impending ruin. If my wealth goes toward the enrichment of the public treasury, I, as an American citizen, ought surely to have a voice at the elections, and a hand in raising up honest men to fill responsible places in the Senate and Legislature."

Therefore it is right that government should knock loudly at the Yankee's pocket, for the experience of the past fifty years has proved clearly that in that way only can delinquent members of society be made to do their duty and give their support to the government which has bestowed upon them so many privileges and blessings.

Again, there are thousands, scattered all over the country, who never trouble themselves to go to the polls on election days. The pressing cares of business, or the fear of being termed office-seekers, or wire-pullers, are not uncommon excuses for many persons absenting themselves from the polls at such times. Let the country sink or swim, it is all the same to them, providing they are not involved in the general ruin. So long as the money flows freely into their coffers, they do not concern themselves about the general prosperity of the country; they do not ask themselves whether this era of peace and prosperity will always last; they do not ask themselves if the poverty or suffering of some members of society is not caused by the avarice and selfishness of individuals like themselves? Oh, no, there is no soul questioning upon their part, as to the cause of this great change in the welfare of their beloved country, until government with his strong hand, had knocked loudly at their pockets. Then it is that the selfish and grasping business man turns from his ledger and bank accounts, to study into the cause and necessity of this, to him, unwise system of taxation.

Now if I were upon earth, and had the required power, I would force this class of persons to do their duty, through the medium of their money, as the surest means of rousing them to a sense of their responsibility, as members of public society. Our friend and questioner has retired from business and settled down to the enjoyments of private life. He has built himself a tower, in which he verily believes to escape the eye of God, and the unerring shaft of the death-angle. Our good brother says, as many others do, "I do not desire to meddle with government affairs, I have no taste for politics, and I am willing to abide by the decision of the majority at all public elections. As far as fortune is concerned, I am independent."

Are you, my friend? Are you independent of the atoms you tread upon—of the beings who surround you? I think not. Independence is a something almost obsolete. We would counsel you, dear brother, although many years have crowned you, to go forth from this hour, and use your influence as well as your money, for the support of the government under which you have grown old, as well as rich, and the power which is being showered down from the invisible world upon you, will benefit the masses, as well as your own soul. The world at large needs aid, and it is high time that there should be less selfishness in the world, and more of a desire to promote the general good of mankind.

Again, we affirm that we believe the proposed system of taxation to be the most direct method the government can use, to enforce duty on the part of its delinquent members; and instead of sending men to Washington to take care of your political affairs, who are devils incarnate, you will send in the future honest souls, who will not strive for their own aggrandisement, but for the welfare and prosperity of their country, and the glory of Almighty God. April 10.

Joshua Whitman.

I have looked forward to the time when I might be able to return, and from this place, send out a cry from across the river Jordan, which should reach the ears of those I love. With much anxiety have I looked for this time, and I can say now, as before death, that the grave has no terrors for me, death has no sting; for the blessed knowledge of the land of the spirit overcame all fear, and maketh glad the soul of him that possesseth it.

I lived on earth about seventy years and six weeks. I have passed a tolerably pleasant life, and erected for myself a home in the spirit-land that I'm not ashamed of, for we have homes and places of abode here, as well as upon the earth, although not built and fashioned in the same way as those below.

When first I found myself free—a spirit without a cumbersome body—there seemed to be such a quiet joy pervading my spirit that I could hardly recognize myself; and what seemed strange to me was that those very conditions which had brought me sorrow while in the earth-spheres, were now instrumental in promoting my happiness. I knew that my family, my children, deeply mourned my departure from earth, but their very sorrow seemed waves of light upon which I was borne upward, above material darkness. My experience may not be that of other persons, but it has been thus far a pleasant one.

I return to-day to counsel my children and my friends to do those things while in the flesh which shall tend to exalt the spirit hereafter. Set aside all outward form, everything which interferes with the worship of the true and spiritual God. Be honest to all men, not only in material dealings, but in mental and physical, or in those things which pertain to the spirit. If your fellow-creatures curse you, bless them, and know that the curse is but a child of their ignorance, and will some time turn to an angel of light.

That I am happy, more so than I ever expected to be, do not doubt. God is good; more good than poor mortality would have him to be. The ignorance of life fashions a God according to its own ignorance; but wisdom fashions an impartial God—one who is willing to forgive and love his children, even while they are sinners.

I have been desired to give an account of things I have seen, since I became a dweller in the spirit-land; but the scenes force themselves so thickly and rapidly upon the brain of the subject I use that I find it impossible to give one clear picture. I can only say that they are beautiful. Oh how true are the words of the poet: "It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories that lie waiting for him beyond the tomb."

They knew me on earth as Joshua Whitman, of Bucksfield, Maine. I have lived in spirit since 1853. Good day. April 10.

Charlie Hiland.

Mr. Chairman, what are your requirements? [I have no special ones; you are free to speak, and to send such messages as you may choose to your friends.] I am from New York City. I lost my life in your Bull Run affair, and the folks want to know how I died, and what became of me after death. If you've no objection, I should like to inform them. [We have none.]

My name was Charlie Hiland. I have a wife and a couple of sisters in New York City, and one brother in the Federal army. My wife is very anxious to know how I died; there are some who do not believe I'm dead. I belonged to the New York Zouaves at the time of my death, and formerly belonged to the New York Roughs. I suppose you've heard of them. [Yes.] My folks know just how things stood when I joined the Zouaves. I was killed at Bull Run. I was buried four days after my death took place, and nine days after I was dug up, and a sort of dissecting process was gone through with, the result was my thick skull was carried into Virginia as a trophy of rebel victory over the Federals. Now as far as the skull was concerned, I don't care a whit about it, but the spirit that prompted such an infernal act was a hellish one. What are you, any way, Mr. Chairman? A Christian, or what sort of a being are you? [I go in for right.] That's my way. I am decidedly uneasy since I got across the river; the amount of it is, I want to settle up things I left behind.

Now I don't want my wife or my sisters to shed any tears about what happened to me, for if they do, it will only tend to strengthen my feeling of revenge toward those who committed such a heinous outrage upon my dead body. I'm not one of your sort, Mr. Chairman, who believe in crying over spilled milk. I don't care anything about the body they so horribly mutilated, for I'd as live they would have cut it up in ten inch pieces and sent it all over the United States, as for any harm they could do me, but if I had not promised not to swear, I should be tempted to condemn the spirit that prompted such a brutal act in pretty strong language. [You will remember that there are ladies present, and so govern yourself accordingly.] Yes, sir; I understand about that as well as you do.

I don't know how much faith my folks have in this coming back, but it seems to me that they will be glad to learn at least the particulars of my death. I seem to have come here unnaturally, Mr. Chairman. Now I want to know how you send any message or word to my friends. [We shall print what you say in our paper.] What will it be in? The Police Gazette, or what? [In the BANNER OF LIGHT.] Oh yes—a religious paper. Well, I suppose it ain't for me to set up a rule in such matters, but to abide by those that are already made.

Can I have the privilege of asking my friends to come here and speak with me? [You can tell them that you want to speak with them, and perhaps they will meet you at some place in New York.] I have said that. Well, what's to pay? [Nothing.] The amount of it is, Mr. Chairman, I ain't used to this business. Do you want a description of myself to put in your paper? [If you choose to give it to me.]

I was twenty-two years, and about six months over, as high as I can count on your time now. I was somewhere about five feet, six inches in height, may be a trifle more than that; straight, rather stout built, of a sandy complexion, and hair rather inclined to curl. Under my left eye was a scar, received in a little muss about two years ago. Upon my left arm was printed in India ink the Goddess of Liberty. My eyes were rather dark blue, and during this present season I'd be considerably freckled. At other times of the year, I'd be about as fair as any other nigger. [How were you killed?] I expect I was killed by a shot from one of the rebel guns. I went out so quick it's mighty hard for me to say whether a sword cut off my head, or a bullet pierced my heart. It's an easy way of going, but not so easy after you get here. Well, Mr. Chairman, I hope you'll take it easy when you come here, and all of the rest of you.

My name was Charlie Hiland; I was sometimes called Chuck, and perhaps some of my acquaintances may know me by that name. My wife's name was Jane. I called her Jennie. She was my wife only a few days before I left for the war.

Well, Mr. Chairman, will you give me a pass to cross back again? [You need none; only wish yourself away. Come again if you want to.] I was waiting for an invitation. April 10.

Sarah Adelaide Walwich.

My mother, my poor mother! To comfort her I come here to-day. The earth seems dark and lonely to her since I left it. Tell her the Father is good, and that he commissions us to return and bless those who mourn our absence.

I was nineteen years of age when I died. My name, Sarah Adelaide Walwich. I lived in Chamber street, New York, and my mother and self supported ourselves by sewing. I was sick for three months before I died, and my mother found it very hard to earn enough for the support of both. She was a widow, and had been one for eleven years. My father was once in a good business in New York, and was considered to be worth an ample sum of money to carry his family through life independently, but at his death all was swept away, and we were obliged to abandon our home, and were abandoned by our

friends. Penniless and friendless, we were compelled to seek the means of sustenance by embroidery, plain sewing, and any work of that kind we could get to do. Sometimes, when God blessed us with health, we were able to get along very well, but when sickness came we found it very hard.

I have been in the spirit world but a short time, only a few weeks, and my mother mourns incessantly, and feels that there is an impassable gulf between her and those she loves. Her religion fails to comfort her, and there seem to be only shadows about her. Death to her is a terror, a messenger of evil, and she says oft times in the still hours of night—"Oh God, why hast thou spared me and taken those from me that were dearer than life itself?"

I wish to tell her that we are not far off. Sometimes we are within the very atmosphere of her room, and try to make our presence known to her. I have come here to-day that I may comfort my dear mother, and bind up her broken heart, and to tell her that God in his great goodness has opened an immense highway between the two worlds, upon which all may walk, and by means of which spiritual communication between the celestial spheres and the earth spheres is established.

My dear mother thought I suffered much in dying. It was not so. She thought, too, that I suffered much during my sickness for the comforts of life, but it was not so, for when the things of this world were denied me, it seemed as if the angels of heaven showered blessings upon me. Tell that dear mother, from me, to mourn no more, and instead of sending out her cries to the great God above her, to commune with the God which is within her own being. She must not mourn too much, for if she does, she soon parts with her physical body, and then the spirit will enter the spirit-world like an unfledged bird.

All is beautiful in the world in which I live. Now I know no want, no suffering, and for the loss of those things which would have ministered to my comfort and happiness while on earth, I am more than compensated by the blessings which I have received in the spirit-land. Tell her my father is with her with his blessing, and would counsel her to lay aside her grief and to lift her voice in gratitude and prayer to the Infinite Father.

My disease was consumption. Many might say it was induced by the harsh treatment which I received at the hands of my employers; but no; if they sinced it, it was through ignorance, and I will not be their censor. If they have sinned, they must answer for it at the tribunal of their own souls. I'm not their judge. Dear mother must not try to cry down upon them the vengeance of an avenging God, but rather pity, forgive, and, if need be, lead them to God. April 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.

I AM WHAT I AM.

BY A. P. BOWMAN.

I am what I am, a God and a Man—
Monarch of my sphere.
I never grow old, or let go of life's hold.
But my sovereign will, I most gladly fulfill;
And the centre of life,
By this body enclosed, is without bounds imposed.

The neighbor I see, but dwelleth in me—
He is life of my life—
So nearly allied, so much defiled,
That when he is maligned, or censured and blamed,
It's a thrust at my side;
And an injury done to all and each one.

O that each, every day, as a God may have away—
To be true to himself;
Operating unspent, throughout every extent,
One great stupendous whole, including every soul,
In his great sphere of life.
Yet from this centre, none can be as he is, one.
Richmond, Iowa.

Hair Snakes' Eggs.

In the February number of the Atlantic, Professor Agassiz, in his exceedingly readable paper on the "Methods of Study in Natural History," gives the following singular account of that strange phenomenon, the horse-hair snake. He says:

Even these creatures, so low in the scale of life, are not devoid of some instincts, however dim, of feeling and affection. I remember a case in point that excited my own wonder at the time, and may not be uninteresting to my readers. A gentleman from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks and called horse-hairs, by the common people. When I first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing-silk than anything else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and it proceeded very slowly to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being that looked like a long black thread in the water would give any signs of life. Almost immediately, it moved toward the bundle of eggs, and having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through the little, and then returning to another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled again in an intricate network of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this case of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a greater distance; when the same action was repeated. On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring.

I afterwards unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when called upon as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee-bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface of such a cut from seven to seventy-five eggs; and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string. The fertility of these lower animals is truly amazing, and is no doubt a provision of Nature against the many chances of destruction to which these germs, so delicate and often microscopically small, must be exposed. The higher we

164 Fulton Avenue, and No. 9 Flatbush Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
April 8. S. C.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long.
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
Where the earth comes out as a blushing bride—
When her buds and flowers,
In the bright spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing from fresh leaved trees,
And melody floating on perfumed breeze.
In summer a seat in a shady nook,
Close by the side of a purling brook,
Where the violet grows,
And the pale swan rose,
Fainting, sick, 'neath the sun's scorching beam,
Dips her pale petals in the cooling stream.
Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled
From the fields he's tilled,
And he feels that his yearly task is done,
And, smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

If you wait for others to advance your interests in this world, you will have to wait so long that your interest will not be worth advancing.

DEPARTED HEROES.

Who can but weep for the heroes that perish,
Who can but sigh o'er the grave where they fall?
They have but left us their memory to cherish,
Giving their country their lives and their all.
High in the heavens where they have ascended,
Glory shall rest on their brows as of yore,
Garlands of roses with amaranths blended,
Leaves of the laurel their crown evermore.

There reunited, they no more shall sever
Ties that have bound them together so long;
There they shall dwell with the blessed forever,
There they shall join in the seraphim's song.

[J. G. Forman.]

It is a mockery to wear a fair outside show to meet the claims of a social ritual, whilst the inner harmony of the affections is wanting.

TO-DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us MEN, A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the last of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue.

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-screw creeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in learning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

THE DELL.

But the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal cornfield, or the urticæ flax.
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light,
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!—[Culteridge.]

Children always turn toward the light. O, that grown-up people in this world become like little children.

Scientific Department.

The Aquarium.

No development of modern times has done so much to popularize Natural History, and introduce the study of Nature, and make the masses love research into the mysteries of organic life, as the Aquarium.

The Aquarium is not only useful, but highly ornamental, and wherever found is always the most attractive object. Happily, it is within the reach of all, and we write this article to tell the boys and girls in country and city how they can enjoy the pleasure it affords. You can purchase a fine one, for from five to ten dollars, in the city; but if you live in the country, you will find it difficult to obtain one, but with any degree of ingenuity can make one yourself.

The Aquarium in its simplest form is a vat, filled with water, in which aquatic beings can be kept. For the pleasure of seeing the fishes, etc., this vat should be chiefly formed of glass. You can make a cheap one as follows: Procure your panes of window glass, the larger the better, (sixteen by twenty is a very convenient size.) These are to be used for the four sides of the vat. The bottom should be made of pine plank, heavily cleated on the under side. A strong post should be framed into this bottom at each corner, having grooves cut in it into which to slide the glass sides. There should also be a deep groove cut into the bottom to admit the glass. A strip must now be fastened around the vat on the top of the posts, to protect and strengthen the whole. It must now be cemented, to make it water-tight. For this, use Spanish brown and plaster paris, in equal parts, mixed to the consistency of thick paint, with drying oil. Apply this with a brush to all the joints and wood-work, giving the bottom a thick coat. Repeat this three or four times, as fast as the previous is thoroughly dry, and the aquarium is complete.

Place it in a cool place, in the shade of a tree or arbor, for which it is a beautiful ornament. Plant one or more water plants, which you can find in any stagnant stream, in small flower pots, carefully using the soil in which you find them to fill the pots. Place these in the bottom. Now gravel over the floor, and build up a rocky bank out of such fragments of rock as you can obtain or think ornamental—anything looks well when covered with water, with which you can now fill your aquarium. You can procure some fresh water snails from the brook, and one or more small fishes. If you desire to study the transformation of a tadpole into a frog, all that is necessary is to transfer one to your aquarium. Day by day you will observe the slowly occurring changes. The water new is an interesting subject; and the process, though rare, is still more curious; these are found in stagnant ditches, and resemble large tadpoles so closely that you will mistake them when seen in the water.

The theory of the aquarium thus constructed is that the plants purify the water just as fast as the fishes render it impure, so that the water remains unchanged. This is precisely what we find obtaining in nature. Animal life renders the atmosphere and the water impure, while plants purify them. I have no need small ponds left by a brook during the summer, but a few feet over, containing fishes and plants, remaining perfectly pure for months. You cannot expect, however, to produce this perfect equilibrium between the plants and animals you introduce. Nature herself falls very often in this, as you will see in any body of stagnant water, and usually the animal kingdom are the sufferers. But you can observe the effects as they occur, and remedy them in a measure. If a green scum forms, (this scum is a plant, and grows

rapidly,) add more snails, for it is their food. If the fishes come to the surface, you must change the water. In the Aquarium Gardens a current of air is forced through the water, which, by being absorbed, supplies the place of that extracted by the fishes. If you can avail yourself of a spring, letting a small stream constantly flow into the bottom of your aquarium, it is very desirable. This can rarely be rendered available; and you will find that by adding a bucket of soft water, now and then, you will preserve the harmony of your establishment.

A very fine Aquarium for the parlor, invented and manufactured by H. Shlarbaum, of New York, can be had at a trifling cost. They are formed of a flattened sphere of blown glass, set in a gilded frame like a picture, and can be hung like the latter against the wall. The glass is perfectly crystalline, and when filled with water, with rock-work, to which shell-fish and aquatic plants are attached, above which float minute and graceful fishes, it forms one of the most charming and brilliant pictures. No home should be without one, even if the only object were to inspire the little ones with the love of Nature. Nothing interests them more than the Aquarium. It transports them to the fabulous realm, the floor of the deep, and introduces them to its strange beings.

We shall write again on this subject, describing the objects of most interest for the Aquarium, and many interesting anecdotes connected with this method of studying animated nature.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

Held April 11, 12 and 13, in 86th Hinchaw's Free Hall, Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind.

FIRST SESSION, FRIDAY, 2 P. M.

Dr. J. H. Hill, of Knightstown, was chosen President, and J. K. Bailey, of Greensboro', Secretary. Committee of Arrangements for proceedings, Dr. J. H. Hill, Seth Hinchaw, Mrs. A. Cook, of Richmond, and F. L. Wadsworth.

Mr. Wadsworth, in behalf of the Committee, reported that it was thought best to hold another session tonight, and three sessions a day on Saturday and Sunday. The sessions to commence at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. respectively. The morning sessions to be held as conferences; the afternoon and evening meetings to commence with regular lectures; after which, those meetings shall be continued to adjournment as conferences. The report being adopted, the President made a few introductory remarks, and called upon the friends to aid in making the meetings useful and interesting.

Alfred Gardner, of Harveysburg, spoke of the lost cause, and our mission to the world. F. L. Wadsworth referred to the good time had at the last yearly meeting of the society of the "Friends of Progress," held at Dublin, and the great events that had transpired in our country since that time, and the necessity of deeper cultivation to lay the foundation of reconstruction of government.

Mrs. Coonley recited the beautiful poem, "Upward and Onward."

Mrs. Bailey sang some pretty things under trances. She claims to be induced by Robert Burns, and others, and I saw much to confirm the truth of the claim. L. K. Coonley related some incidents of travel, particularly of visits to the hospitals along the Ohio river, in which are our sick and wounded soldiers.

It was announced that F. L. Wadsworth would give the evening lecture. Adjourned.

FRIDAY EVENING SESSION, 7 P. M.

The President called the meeting to order, and announced that the meeting would be opened with a song, and Melodeon accompaniment, by Professor N. P. Jenner and lady, of Philadelphia. The song was entitled "The Willow." Mrs. Jenner is a blind lady. She was educated at the institution for the blind at Staunton, Virginia.

F. L. Wadsworth read a selection from T. L. Harris's "Lyric of the Golden Age."

Mrs. Jenner again sang, "I love to be free." Mr. Wadsworth, on the importance of practical efforts at the present time in moulding thought for a higher future, spoke of the lessons of the past through all time; the origin of Christ's teachings; the demands of to-day become the saints of to-morrow. He repudiated the Christian idea of the vicarious atonement; thought the Christian teachings on that point tended to give science to apparent evil, would obliterate the thought that God would avenge; thought that happiness here and hereafter depended upon the equalization of all the faculties of mind, and a just appreciation of all the functions of the body. That Spiritualism tended to concentrate all truths and moralities, and direct the knowledge of the past to the future practice of what we learn to be true, and the world will be the better for it. The lecture continued a little over one hour.

A. Gardner spoke briefly of the influence of church teachings on the youthful mind.

Mrs. Jenner sang another beautiful song.

Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, Ohio, reviewed the remarks of Gardner and Wadsworth; thought the remarks were rather condemnatory; thought the Christian teachers advocated too much vengeance and condemnation as the will and design of God.

The President gave notice that L. K. Coonley would give the regular lecture on to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, and Mrs. Mary Thomas the evening lecture.

Mrs. Jenner gave another song, "original." When young and thoughtless." Adjourned to 10 A. M.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

Opened with music and song. "The morning light is breaking." Melodeon, Mr. Jenner; guitar, Mrs. Jenner.

L. K. Coonley offered the following:

Whereas, It is apparent that much of the education bestowed upon the general youthful mind is not consistent with the progress of the age, particularly with reference to the religious teachings, as practiced in the Sabbath Schools, and as it is very important that true worship should be in harmony with reason and science; therefore,

Resolved, That reformers should recognize the necessity of, and call for the publication of text-books, whereby a revolution shall be effected in the matter of education, and with especial regard to Sabbath Schools.

Resolved, That Spiritualists, as reformers, should act upon the necessity of instituting Sabbath School societies, wherein philosophical and scientific religious knowledge shall be imparted, so as to yield recreation of body and elevation of mind.

Resolved, That the reformers should be able to give the regular lecture on to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, and Mrs. Mary Thomas the evening lecture.

Mr. Wadsworth, gave a brief history of the Sabbath School at Battle Creek, where he had labored the last winter.

Mrs. Thomas gave experience in Cincinnati, Ohio and Richmond, Ind.

President Hill referred to ignorance as being the great stumbling-block in the way of progress, and the want of education in the right direction.

Mr. Gardner did not want the Bible cast aside, but would have the "Scriptures searched" in the right way.

J. Jenner alluded to the efforts of Pope Gregory to introduce Catholicism through the schools. He referred to the history of the "Old Brewery" Five Points, N. Y. Thought if Jesus was to visit earth, he would call first at such places instead of going to the churches.

Mrs. Coonley recited a piece entitled "There are no Sects in Heaven."

Mrs. Steel, of Richmond, gave a Vision concerning the hall in which we were meeting. The house became transparent, and the angels dropped golden gems of thoughts through to the minds of those present, who carried them out in the world, so that from them grew beauties for spirit-life.

Mrs. Clift, of Newcastle, wanted the Bible in our schools; but she wanted it put to the same scrutiny and criticism as any other book.

Mr. J. H. Hudson wanted something beside philosophy and science—wanted Spiritual teaching.

Mr. Wadsworth said they did not use the Bible in the Sabbath school at Battle Creek. He had no objection to the Bible as a book; but thought we could find truths in a clearer form. Thought Christianity had been more paganism, than paganism had been Christianized, by the use of the Bible.

Mrs. Thomas.—Let the dirt be seen with the cleaner truth.

J. H. McGuffin, of Knightstown, said all had felt the necessity of a change in our systems of education. He could not have his children taught properly, because there was no opportunity. Even the school houses in his neighborhood were completely under-securarian rule, and he had to take their teachings of none at all.

Song by Mrs. Jenner; guitar accompaniment. Adjourned to afternoon.

SATURDAY, 2 P. M.

The session was opened with a song Mr. Warren Harris, of Dublin, Ind., in company with Mrs. Jenner, as a singer in company with the melodeon, has but few equals. Those familiar with James G. Clark, can recognize the style of Mr. Harris.

Lecture hour being announced, Mr. L. K. Coonley, the speaker, appointed for the occasion, remarked that he believed the session could be most profitably spent in general conference. The suggestion was adopted.

President Hill then offered the following:

Resolved, That as rebellion and civil war rage in our country, it is our duty as reformers, to exert our energies in pointing out the most efficient means, in our minds, for a permanent settlement of the issues upon which the struggle is based.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth ignored compromise of any sort. The principles of Slavery were incorporated in the Constitution, and were the cause of the discord. Slavery and Freedom could not exist together.

Mr. W. Harris sang a song—"Hail, Freedom." Mr. Coonley gave a stirring poem—"The Voice of the Times."

Mr. J. H. Hudson, of Dublin, thought we must come to the conclusion that Slavery, in all forms, must be abolished. (Mr. H. is something near forty years of age, and is the remarkable medium, at whose touch, cancers and other foul diseases disappear.)

Mr. Coonley read the President's Proclamation, calling his thanks to God the next day of worship, for his own army, and made some comments on the state of society and state laws. He referred to the laws of some of the Western "Free States," where the colored race have no privileges of our boasted Freedom—have no just citizenship.

Mr. A. Gardner referred to the saying, that a fountain could not send forth both sweet and bitter water. By their fruits ye shall know them. The advocates of man's original fall, said man died spiritually. He did not know how a living body would get along with a dead spirit!

Mr. M. R. Hull, of Dublin, said, if whatever is, is right, when shall we stop the rebellion? Ironically said the Government could confiscate land, money, goods, &c., but you must not touch the soul that made a class exceptionable. (Mr. Hull is a very happy speaker, and proposes to take a lecturing tour still westward.)

Mrs. Thomas thought the nominally free blacks needed attention as well as the more apparent slave. What shall be done with the blacks when freed? Have you a place for them? Where?

J. H. Hudson, of Terre Haute, spoke in very high terms of blacks that live in Vigo county. The white ministers sometimes made their homes with these highly respectable negroes. Thought, in case of emancipation, the negroes would go South.

The matter was further discussed by Messrs. Hull, Wadsworth, Hill and Mrs. Thomas.

Mr. W. Harris sang, with great effect, a piece from the "Psalms of Life," entitled "Evermore." Adjourned to evening.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was commenced with a song by W. Harris—"The Lord is on our side."

Mrs. Mary Thomas, the appointed lecturer for the evening, then gave a most interesting discourse, occupying about one hour and a half. Her theme seemed to be to illustrate "What is Truth?" Take all the old forms and ceremonies of the past, and what the mind suggest and appropriate is Truth. Whatever is of no more use, is a failure. Error is Error.

When old, useless ideas, or food not digestible, is forced into the organism, then mental or physical "nightmare" ensues. In the man spirit germ is all that can ever be unfolded in the future. She alluded to the effects of religious training, and the moulding sectarian dogmas into the political government. The laws of England still demand that the Jew shall wear yellow, so that others may know their class! The church records of the past have brought out many of the truths of to-day; although the Church has erred in its teaching.

W. Harris gave an inspiring song.

A. Gardner read a poem entitled "Where is God?" By request, Mr. Harris repeated "Evermore." Adjourned.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Meeting opened with music and singing by Mr. and Mrs. Jenner.

Invocation through L. K. Coonley.

M. R. Hull spoke of the want of sympathy for the unfortunate in the churches and the need of love for the fallen. He who has not experienced suffering, cannot tell what the sufferer needs. Gave some personal trials; said he was turned out of one church because he buttoned up his pants in front, and wore a silk hat!

A gentleman whose name I did not learn, appeared entranced by some Quaker spirit, the burden of whose remarks were, "Come home to all truth—ours is the mission of love."

M. R. Coonley spoke of experiences in spirit life. J. H. McGuffin would like to know if we could really aid those who claim to be low in spirit life?

Mrs. A. Cook thought we should have our own house in order.

Mrs. Thomas referred to Jesus preaching to spirits in prison. Reference had been made to the influence of evil spirits on mediums.

Mr. Huddleston thought mediums might get so pure that they would be able to see the evil and thought he had cast out several demons from others.

Secretary Bailey offered the following:

Whereas, Truth, in its fullest sense, being the grand principle at which true spiritual reformers are striving to arrive, therefore

Resolved, That it is the duty of all to seek every means in their power whereby they may be elevated to a higher plane of development. That by so doing, we may successfully combat error in every form, as the best means of annihilating the great curse of humanity, we should strike at the root of all error.

Resolved, That African slavery is not the greatest error with which we have to deal, but only one of the many branches of the great upas tree.

Resolved, That the love of money, of worldly power, and of high social station as viewed through the darkened glass of false education, are the real monsters with which we must wage our unending war; and we must think according to the highest light unfolded within us.

F. L. Wadsworth remarked that so long as evil men existed in the form, evil manifestations would come from spirits. You cannot hang a hat without a peg on which to hang it.

A song by Miss Bailey. Adjourned.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

Song by W. Harris, "Down by the River."

F. L. Wadsworth, the one appointed to give the regular lecture, said, time, read from the Lyric of the Golden Age. The subject of the lecture was "The Future of the Race." I could not do justice to this lecture were I to attempt to give a synopsis from my notes. It was evidently regarded as the lecture of the sessions, occupying nearly an hour and a half.

At the close Mrs. Coonley gave a poem entitled "Borrowed Light." W. Harris, and another through Mrs. Bailey by Burns. Adjourned.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

By request, President Hill read the following:

Resolved, That the present rebellion in our land is based upon inherent radical causes connected with the growth and development of the races, and is legitimate and natural.

Resolved, That the time has come to incorporate more fully the principles of equal justice in the form of our National Government.

Resolved, That the real cause of slavery is based in the allowance, by law, of exclusive privileges granted to land and office-holding monopolies; money and mind being allowed to tyrannize over ignorance and necessity, while the duty of Government should be, if anything, to protect the weak against the strong.

Resolved, That the most potent lever of reform would be found in the extension of universal freedom to all classes, with the means to maintain that freedom in the right of a homestead.

Resolved, That the tyranny of majorities may be as radically wrong as that of minorities, and is practically the same; being the old Roman system of law, instead of doing as ye would be done by.

Song by Mr. Harris.

Poem by Mrs. Coonley, "Fremont's Battle Hymn." L. K. Coonley, the appointed lecturer for the evening, entranced, gave as the subject, "The War and its consequences," taking the resolutions of the President as the basis of the lecture. The delivery occupied a full hour and a half, and is said to have been listened to with strict attention.

Poem by Mrs. Coonley, "The Angel Child." L. K. Coonley, in behalf of the citizens from a distance, gave thanks for the kind entertainment by the citizens of Greensboro'. General congratulations were exchanged.

Messrs. Wadsworth, Hull and Hudson, and Mrs. Thomas, complimented the sentiments of universal harmony throughout the sessions. The meeting then adjourned, to hold the next quarterly gathering of the "Friends of Progress" in Dublin, Wayne Co., Ind., on the third Friday, Saturday and Sunday of June next.

L. K. COONLEY.

Grand Haven, Mich.

Yesterday, I made a ride to the good friends in Milwaukee, and last night the excellent black boat of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad ferried me over the "Big Sea Water," to this point on the Michigan shore at the mouth of Grand River, where I am engaged to lecture this evening in the Court House of Ottawa county. The neat village is built by, as well as of, lumber, but the surrounding pine lands are nearly shorn of their valuable fleece, and the mills are much slackened, and several suspended and discount no more. The soil is composed of sand, sawdust, and pulverized gypsum. There are no farms or lands fit for farms very near the place; but most of the dwellings are neat and tasty, and some gardens show signs of fruit and flowers, and on the flats above the village, some emigrants are rooting up the old hemlock stumps, and drawing out the lower life of trees and reptiles, and shoving in a higher life of cattle—horned and unhorned—and they will make the soil bring potatoes and cabbages.

Some of the old settlers have just discovered that this is a fruit region for all fruit trees that can grow in such soil, for the very plain reasons that the northwest winds in winter from the open water moderate the temperature so as to prevent the trees—even peach trees—from freezing to death, and no winds except those from the direction of the water are cold enough to kill them; and in spring, these cold winds prevail so late as to prevent the blossoms and buds expanding in time to be caught by the frost, and hence they bear just so late as to take the last end of the market of peaches.

The sand hills here are a curiosity, and look like the Vermont snow-drifts of the past winter, of which I heard of one that was tunneled for a road, and one other cut down thirty feet for the same purpose; but we could not tunnel these drifts.

Churches are plenty here, because lumber is cheap and people are not lazy; but it is not because they are religious or very devout—for they are not.

I have an old acquaintance here, in the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who occupies a sort of half-way house between old hunker Orthodoxy and Spiritualism. He has made a breach in the Presbyterian society and drawn out a congregational society, and they have built him a church, and congregate around him to listen to very liberal discourses, which bring them forward as far as his organization will allow him to go, and there he tries to hold them; but when thus started, it is not so easy to stop them, and if he succeeds for a time, when his rope breaks, or he lets go, they will mostly come to our views and receive more truth and light than he was prepared to give or receive.

There is one family of Spiritualists, and the lady (Mrs. Barnes) is quite a medium, and Bro. Anderson has tried in vain to induce them to stop over at his half-way house, but there is more prospect of their drawing his society over to the brighter region of Spiritualism. They sometimes stop our speakers here when traveling this route, and get a lecture or two. For a time Bro. Anderson thought, with the aid of reinforcements, he could contend successfully and openly with Spiritualists and mediums, as he had with the more conservative preachers, but after being served in several engagements worse than he served his hunker brethren, he has given up the contest, concluded to let it rust out, or dry up and blow away. Poor man! his Congregationalism will pass away, and be recorded only in history, and he be remembered only by a tombstone record, or some descendants who will be ashamed to own they descended from a preacher of such a gospel, long before our philosophy takes its turn to the shady side. But I record him as doing all he can, and even more than I could expect from such an organization.

But the lower preachers of lower creeds here are to be pitied; they will have harder hills to climb than the sand hills. One of them said it was good enough for Bro. A. to get used up by a medium in a discussion, (Miss Gibson,) for he ought to have known better than to contend with a crazy woman; but Bro. A. could always use him up, and he liked to see him beat. What a pity he could not get crazy, so he could beat Bro. A. in argument! How great are the "mysteries of godliness."

WARREN CHASE.

April 23, 1862.

Anderson, the Spirit Artist.

FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE BANNER.—In further testimony of the good achieved and the consolation given by "the loved and the departed," through the mediumship of our worthy brother, W. P. Anderson, the Spirit Artist, I place before you the copy of a letter and certificate:

"PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1862.
MR. ANDERSON: Dear Sir—I avail myself of the present opportunity to express my appreciation for the likeness you have taken of my wife in the spirit world, hoping that all will avail themselves of your powers.

This is to certify that I, Charles Moore, do bear testimony that Mr. Anderson did take a true likeness of my wife (now in the spirit-world seven years and six months) by his spirit-artist power—the countenance having all the characteristic features, the full expression of the character, and bearing evidence of the fact of the likeness, such as the mole on the face, the dimple in the chin, and, also, that being a fleshy person, the double chin is shown; also showing the middle finger of the left hand somewhat deformed. Numerous friends have come to see the picture, and pronounce it perfect. I will attach a few of the names of my friends, who recognize it to be a correct likeness of my wife (Miss Moore):

C. Moore, C. K. Moore, Mrs. M. E. Hayes, Mrs. B. Rose, Wm. Gamble and wife, Wm. B. Bedford, Mrs. S. Carbone, — Griffin, M. D. T. Dawson, Mr. Keifer.

Any person wishing to see this picture can do so by calling at No. 703 Green street; all friends and welcome."

A lady of the name of Mixter, residing at 443 Green street, gives her statement as follows:

"Prof. W. P. Anderson took for her the likeness of a daughter, aged sixteen, as she was in the earth life; a striking resemblance, even to the carrying of the head a little on one side. The dress was such as she usually wore; and of the material of which it was made she yet retains some patches. She was fond of flowers, and represented holding a rose in her hand. The artist took the character of the face, the features, the same features—the closest resemblance is there—but the face is refined from the earth mould. The loosened hair, the wreath of flowers around the head, the broken spirit; it is very beautiful, and both are dear to the mother's heart. These pictures were exhibited at Sanson street Hall. The young girl both represent has lived the immortal life for fifteen years."

When I write again I will tell you of the picture of an immortal child, an exquisite work. In the floating heavenly form the happy mother recognized her darling. These are facts no speculative theories can overthrow.

Prof. W. P. Anderson can be addressed at No. 510 Arch street. Yours for truth,

Philadelphia, April 23, 1862. CORA WINBURN.

Obituary Notices.

Passed to the higher life, on the evening of March 20th, Lizzie, youngest child and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES LYNN, aged 5 years and 13 days.

This sweet tempered and affectionate child, the joy of the charmed circle in which she moved, was stricken with malignant scarlet fever, and in less than one week, her spirit joined the band above. It was her delight to sing, or hear the sweet hymns: "I want to be an angel," and "O sing to me of Heaven."

"You need not be afraid to die," said she to her sick brother a few days before she was taken ill, "